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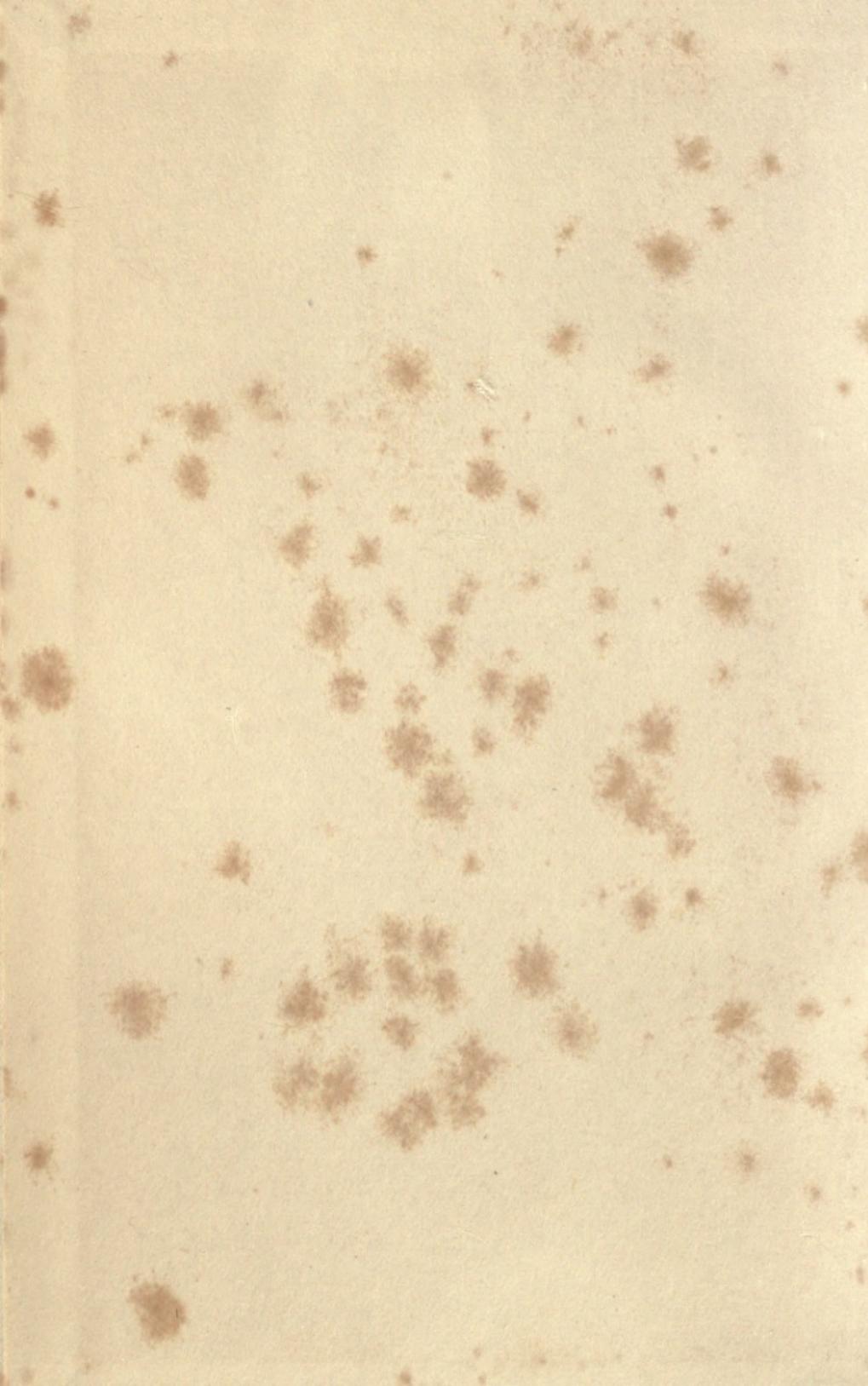
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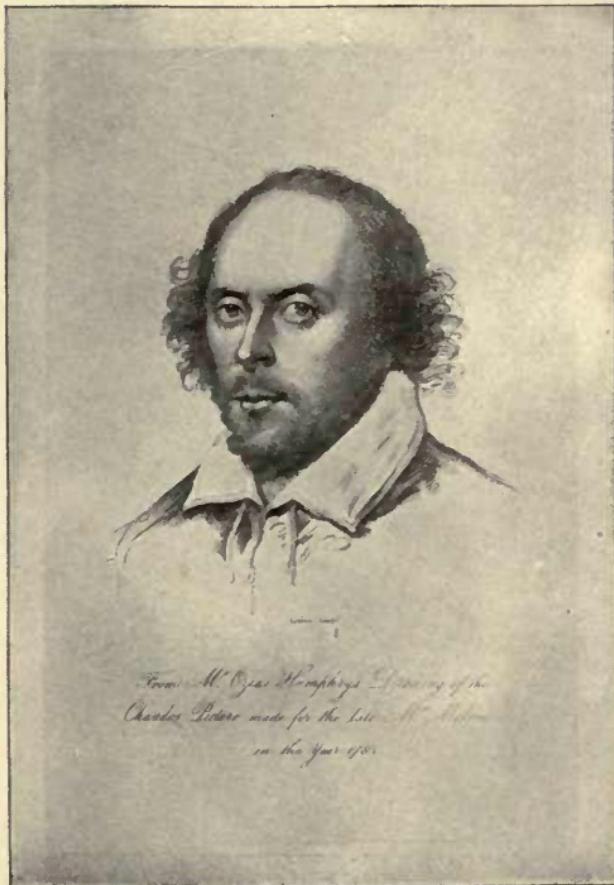
The Shakespearean
Guide to











From Mr. George Humphreys Drawing of the
Chandos Picture made for the late Mr. Collier
in the Year 1780

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From the "Chandos" Portrait).

The Shakespearean Guide TO Stratford-on-Avon.

With Chapters on Warwick, Kenilworth, and “The
Shakespeare Country” generally.

BY
H. SNOWDEN WARD
AND

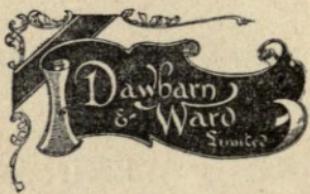
CATHARINE WEED WARD,

Joint-Editors of “The Photogram,” and Authors of “Shakespeare’s Town and Times.”

Illustrated throughout from the Drawings of W. T. Whitehead.

Plan of the Town, Map of the District, and Eight
Photo-Mechanical Plates.

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CHAPTER I.

ACCESS AND LODGMENT.



MERICANS form the most important, if not the most numerous, contingent of the visitors to Stratford-on-Avon, and very few

Britons realise how much we owe to these pilgrims to "the old home." Many a historic object of the greatest possible value has been saved from destruction because of its popularity

with Americans; many a Briton has been shamed into an interest in the priceless treasures of his own land by the intimate knowledge of such treasures shown by cultivated Americans; and many a minor comfort in our travel and in our lodgment is due to the influence of American taste and refinement. We see so much of the few loud-voiced,

vulgar Americans that we are apt to overlook the immensely larger number of educated, intelligent travellers; just as the home-staying Americans are tempted to judge all travelling Britons by the few ignorant boors who make themselves far too obtrusive.

No place owes more than Stratford-on-Avon to the American visitor, and one of the greatest benefits for which he is largely responsible is the fine train service.

The principal line serving the town is the Great Western, and the company has done very much to increase the popularity of the whole district,—especially by offering the attractive "Shakespeare Route" from Liverpool to London, along which ten days may be taken for the journey, at ordinary through fare, and with break of journey at a number of charming places of which details will be given in Chapter VI. As an alternative the "Worcester" route may be taken, which also includes Stratford-on-Avon amongst its optional stations, and we feel sure that these enjoyable, cheap, and well-arranged tours from the North of England to London only need be better known to be highly appreciated by Britons. The fares are 16s. 6d., 20s. 8d., and 29s. for third, second, and first class respectively; and all trains include third class carriages of very comfortable construction.

The direct Great Western line from London (Paddington) to Stratford-on-Avon (a run of 101

miles) lies through charming country, which will be briefly described in Chapter VI. The fares are 8s. 5d., 10s. 6d., and 16s. 10d., while the single fares from Liverpool are 9s. 6½d., 12s., and 17s. 6d. Over this line there are frequent half-day excursions at the exceedingly low fare of 3s. 6d. for third class; week-end tickets, from Friday or Saturday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, for 12s. 9d., 17s., and 25s. 9d., as well as tourist tickets available for two months, with breaks of journey at certain points, for 14s. 9d., 19s., and 29s. 6d. The half-day trips are run at irregular intervals (about fortnightly) during the summer, and although it seems an insult to Stratford to attempt to "do" the town in half a day we strongly recommend one of these brief runs to those who have not time for more.

There is but one real inconvenience about the Great Western Railway service to London, viz., the absence of a train from Stratford on Sunday afternoon or evening. The only Sunday train is about 10.40 a.m., and those who wish to return to town later must walk or drive to Leamington (10 miles), whence a train starts about six o'clock. It would seem as if a regular waggonette service might well be instituted in connection with this train.

The London and North Western Railway, working in connection with the East and West Junction Railway, at Blisworth, runs a regular service of trains from London (Euston) to Stratford-on-Avon, as well as a number of cheap excursions during the

summer. This route entails changing at Blisworth, but it runs through pleasant scenery which is a change from that on the Great Western route, and for many Londoners Euston is a very convenient station. Week-end tickets are issued at the same rates as quoted for the Great Western Railway; and there is a series of week-end bookings from Liverpool, Manchester, Derby, Burton, and other places in the north and the Midlands.

The Midland Railway, which has done so much pioneer work in encouraging excursions, has no direct communication with Stratford, but issues tourist tickets from most of the important stations on its system. These join the local (East and West Junction) service at Olney in the east and at Broom in the west. The Olney connection is especially useful for those who have been visiting the Bunyan country (Bedford).

From the South of England it is not necessary to run up to London to reach the Midlands. A through service by the Midland Railway, from the North of England, runs to Southampton and Bournemouth West. The direct line from Southampton would allow of breaking journey at Romsey, Andover, and Cheltenham, before taking the Ashchurch and Evesham branch to Stratford. Salisbury, with its fine cathedral, Old Sarum, and Salisbury Plain, may be taken on the way from Southampton (by a rather round-about route); or a very pleasant side-trip through the New Forest may be

taken from Southampton to Bournemouth. From Bournemouth, the direct line to the Shakespeare country leads through Bath, Gloucester, and Cheltenham.

All the principal railway lines in Great Britain will make through bookings from their chief stations to Stratford-on-Avon.

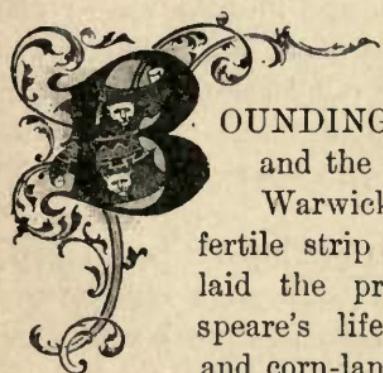
As to lodgment in Stratford-on-Avon, our duty is mainly to protest against the old and erroneous idea that prohibitive prices rule in the town. It is an old tradition that Stratford can be better and more cheaply "done" by staying in Leamington than by staying in Stratford itself. If this had truth at any time it is quite a mistake now, for Stratford has hotel and lodging-house accommodation to suit all tastes and pockets. Residence outside the town is not only a waste of time and money, but, worst of all, it prevents the enjoyment of the evenings and early mornings, which are, in Shakespeare's land, so truly charming.

The chief hotels are the Shakespeare and the Red Horse. Smaller, but comfortable and excellently managed, are the Golden Lion, Unicorn, Swan's Nest, Falcon, Old Red Lion, and many others. The Fountain (temperance and commercial), the Coffee Palaces, and most of the cafés and restaurants make up beds for visitors; and those who stay for more than a day or two can find good accommodation (with or without attendance) in many lodging-houses and cottages.

By those who wish to spend a week or so in the district—especially if they are good walkers—a most enjoyable programme can be made up to include sleeping each night at a different village, and passing through Stratford two or three times. At Bidford, Hampton Lucy, Welford, Billesley, Kineton, Wilmcote, Aston Cantlow, Snitterfield, Henley-in-Arden, Charlecote, and Alcester—to mention but a few of the picturesque towns and villages around—there are well-kept little inns where a few visitors can be accommodated. As these places are greatly appreciated by artists, it is well to engage rooms in advance.

CHAPTER II.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FAMILY.



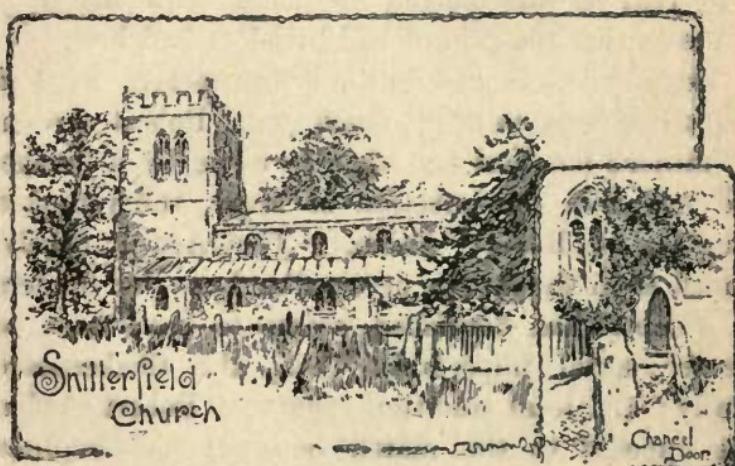
OUNDING the Arden (or woodland) and the Felden (or pasture-land) of Warwickshire is a beautiful and fertile strip of country in which are laid the principal scenes of Shakespeare's life. Rich in meadow-land and corn-land, it is thickly dotted with snug hamlets, prosperous villages, and thrifty little towns, amongst all of which the foremost place is taken by Stratford-on-Avon, an ancient market town, nestling by the river at the point where it was crossed by the old Roman Straet (or street) at a convenient ford.

This fertile vale, lying in the centre of England, was a smiling land in the days of William Shakespeare's parents and grand-parents, but it was Merry

England in spite of, rather than in consequence of, the conditions under which the people lived. In the later days of bluff King Hal there was terrible privation in this agricultural district ; the general introduction of wool-growing in place of grain-growing had thrown thousands of labourers out of employment, and had encouraged the lords of the manors and other great landowners to dispossess the small cultivators who had redeemed for themselves little holdings and clearings on the skirts of the forest lands. These small holders, with their wives and families, were turned into the roads ; and the best comfort the government could devise was punishment for those who remained three weeks in one place in idleness, and punishment for those who wandered away from their own villages in search of work.

The pillory, the stocks, the whipping-post, branding with irons, slavery, and death, were amongst the terrors devised to make those men work who were only too eager to labour but unable to find an opportunity ; and it has been calculated that no less than seventy thousand people in the reign of Henry VIII. suffered death for having no visible means of subsistence. Of course, thousands sought the woods and forests, living precarious lives, succoured by the pity of neighbours almost as poor as themselves, and partly winked at by the officers of the law, who knew that too rigid enforcement of penalties would be unbearable.

Amongst such circumstances as these, one Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, endeavoured to make a living by farming land which he held partly from the Guild of St Mary, of Warwick, and partly from Robert Arden of Wilmcote (see map of the district). We know that he was often unable to pay his rent to the Guild, and that the brethren gave him every possible indulgence. No doubt his other landlord



was equally lenient, for the landlord and tenant were related by marriage, since their wives were sisters.

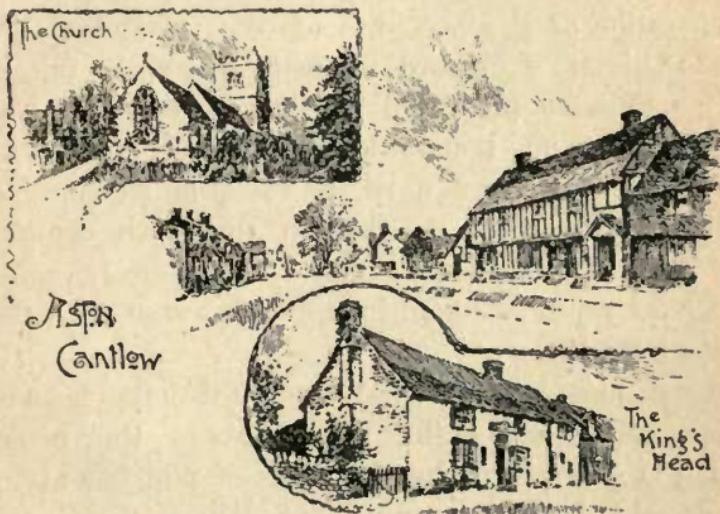
This Richard Shakespeare had a son, John, probably born in 1530, and apprenticed when he was fourteen years old to a glover in Stratford-on Avon. In this case he would be free of his apprenticeship in 1551; and, as a matter of fact, we learn from the town records of Stratford-on-Avon

that he was resident in Henley Street in 1551, and that in 1556 he was described as a glover. In the last-named year he bought two houses, one in Henley Street and one in Greenhill Street, and also sued a neighbour for the value of eighteen quarters of barley ; from which we may gather that he was a prosperous business man. In 1557 we find his name as one of the jurors of the court leet, and in the same year he was elected ale-taster, with the duty of preventing the sale of bad bread or bad beer.

Meanwhile, as his business prospered, he had doubtless kept well in touch with Robert Arden, his father's landlord and his own uncle by marriage, and had won the affection of Mary, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden. The Arden family, named from the Arden or woodland on the borders of which it had flourished, seems to have been of greater social importance than the Shakespeare family ; and local tradition says that Robert Arden was opposed to the match between his daughter and the young glover. Be that as it may, he died about the end of 1556, appointing as executors his daughters Alice and Mary, and leaving Mary very liberal bequests. In 1557 (almost certainly ; for we have no direct record), John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married, and most probably the wedding took place at Aston Cantlow, the church of which was then the parish church for Wilmcote, where Mary Arden lived. One writer goes so far as to state this as a fact, and even to give a view of

the King's Head as the place where the wedding feast was held.

On September 5th, 1558, John Shakespeare's first child, a daughter, was baptised in the name Joan, at the parish church, Stratford-on-Avon ; and a second daughter, Margaret, was baptised on December 2nd, 1562, and buried on April 30th,



1563. On April 26th, 1564, was the baptism of Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakespeare ; and as it was usual to baptise a child three days after birth, the twenty-third day of April has been regarded as the birthday of the great poet.

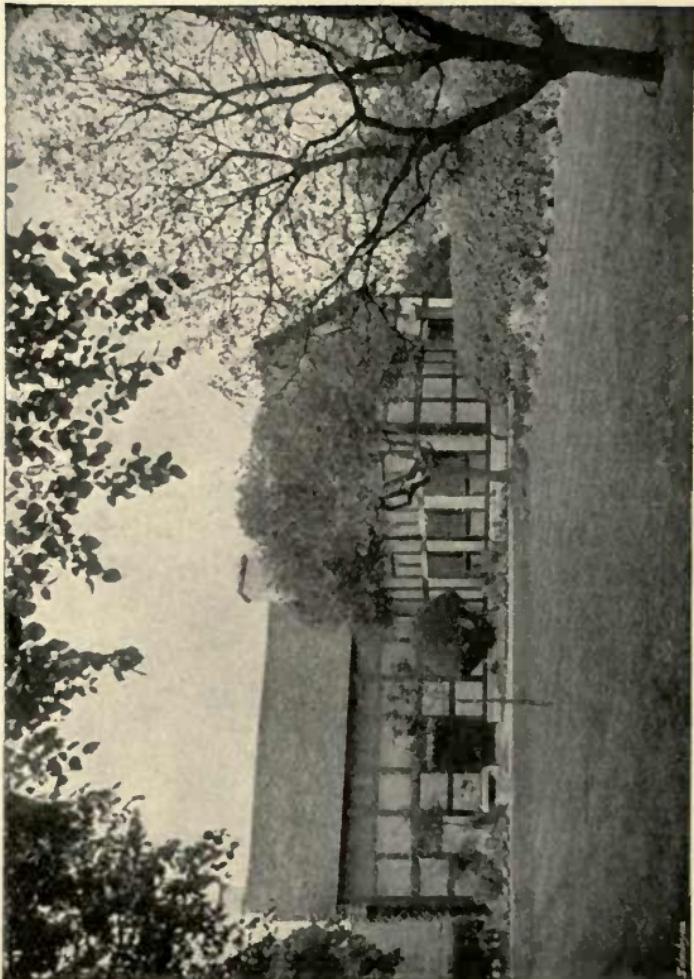
Between his marriage and the birth of his eldest son, John Shakespeare had steadily progressed in local importance. In 1558 he was chosen one of the four petty constables, and was

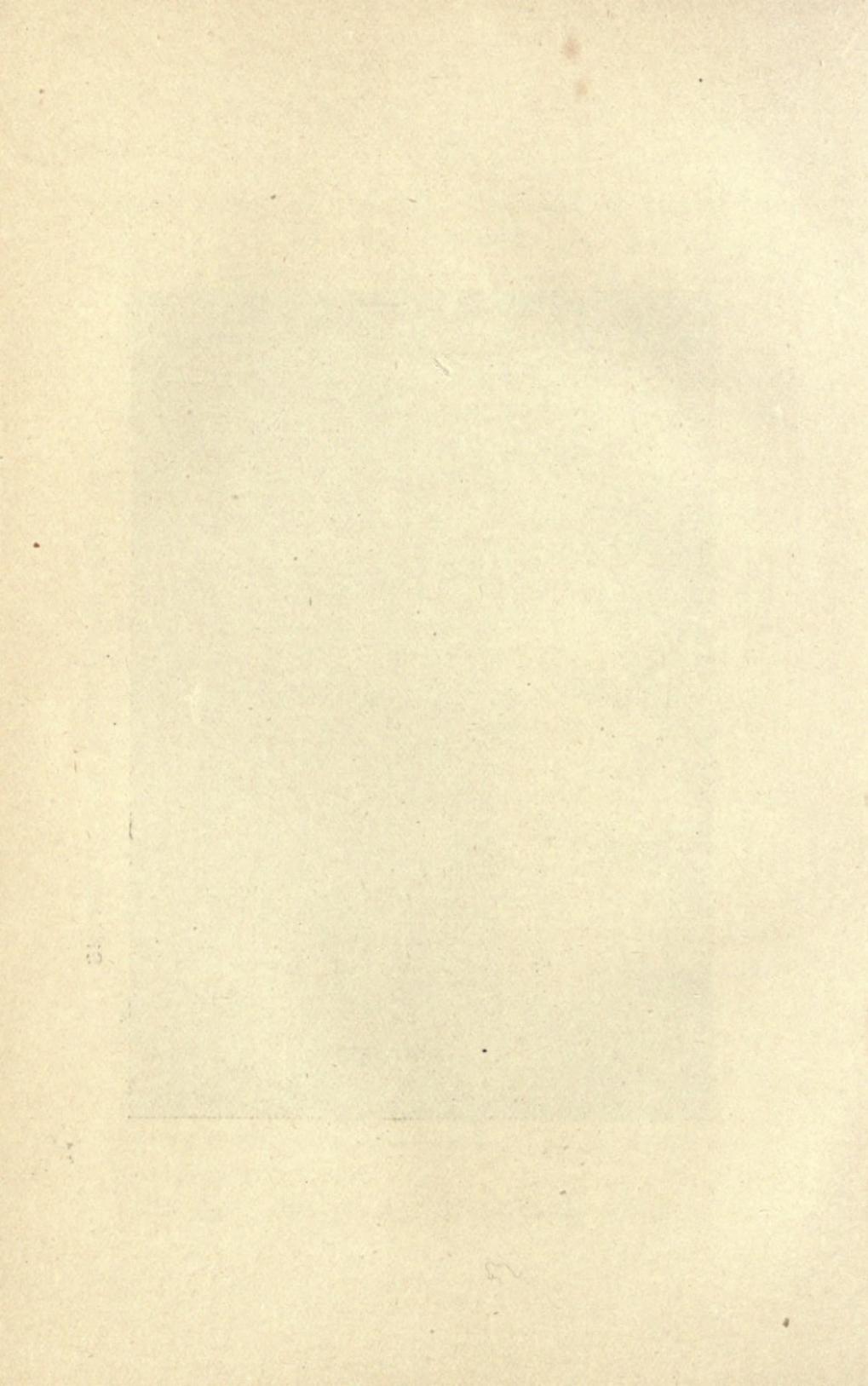
again a juror of the leet. In 1559 he served his second term as petty constable, and was elected affeitor (to impose fines in the case of convictions to which no definite legal penalties were attached). In 1561 he was again affeitor; and in 1561-2 and 1562-3, was Chamberlain of the borough, an office in which he must have given satisfaction, since we find that in later years he was entrusted with the preparation of the accounts of other Chamberlains. From this time onward, for many years, the family seems to have prospered. John Shakespeare was constantly and honourably connected with the service of the town, until, in 1568, he was elected bailiff, the highest position in the town council. Several children were added to the family, some of whom were to be intimately connected with the poet's later life.

Meantime, little Willie, who must have been a quick, observant child, played about the house which is now visited by thousands of pilgrims every year, and had opportunity to listen, first with wonder, then with intelligent interest, to the talk of travellers who brought the news of the great world, of neighbours who discussed the affairs of town and state, of gossips who thought of nothing higher than weather and crops, and perhaps the archery on the green,—the talk of all sorts and conditions of men who gathered round the chimney-corner of the town councillor and bailiff.

At five years of age he probably went to the

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE—Rear View.

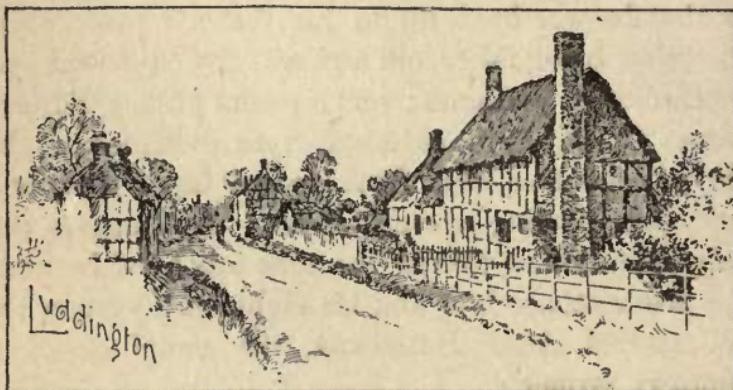




"petty school," and at seven to the grammar school, where he probably remained until he was fourteen. By this time the affairs of the family were under a cloud, business was no longer prosperous, and there was probably some ill-feeling between John Shakespeare and some of his influential neighbours. It seems unlikely that William remained at school later than fourteen, for his father had need of his help; and, indeed, one of the old chroniclers tells us that he was bred up to his father's trade. On the other hand, other old writers give different and contradictory accounts; and a recent author, Edward James Castle, Q.C., suggests, from evidence in the plays themselves, that Shakespeare began life as a boy actor, playing women's parts. At best, we can only speculate as to how the time was filled between the poet's school-days and his eighteenth year, when he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a Shottery farmer.

His bride was eight years older than the poet, and it has been suggested that they lived unhappily, but of this we are unable to find any evidence whatever. The scene of the wedding is not certainly known, though the date is approximately fixed by a bond given at Worcester, in November 1582, in connection with the marriage license. The short time elapsing between the date of this bond and the baptism of a daughter, in May 1583, has given rise to the suggestion that the legal marriage had been preceded by hand-fasting, which was a popular, and

also a perfectly legal, though incomplete form. Such a form probably took place between Agnes, daughter of Robert Arden, and Thomas Stringer; for in the will of Robert Arden she is mentioned as "uxor Thome Stringer," although this will was made July 17, 1550, and Agnes was not married until October 15, 1550. If this was the form in the case of William Shakespeare's aunt, it seems quite possible



that the poet may have followed the same fashion. Again, it has been suggested that he was first married according to the rites of the old faith, and afterward, in consideration of the law or local opinion, by the conformable rite. Major Walter, who has written very confidently as to Shakespeare's adherence to the old faith, states positively that he was married according to the Catholic ritual, in the roof-room of Shottery manor house. At best this seems but speculation; and even the place of the conformable

marriage is unknown. The bond mentions Temple Grafton as the residence of Anne Hathaway, and it has been suggested that this mistake arose from Temple Grafton having been the place of marriage. Local tradition points to Luddington, a village near Stratford and Shottery ; and there is a certain fitness in this suggestion, since the pastor in charge of Luddington at the time of the marriage had been



O'leary's Billesley Hall.

master of the Grammar School in Shakespeare's student days. Yet another local tradition tells us the ceremony took place at Billesley, where we know that Shakespeare's grand-daughter was married to her second husband. Probably this question will never be finally settled. The register of the parish church of Stratford contains no entry of the marriage, nor do those of dozens of churches in the neighbour-

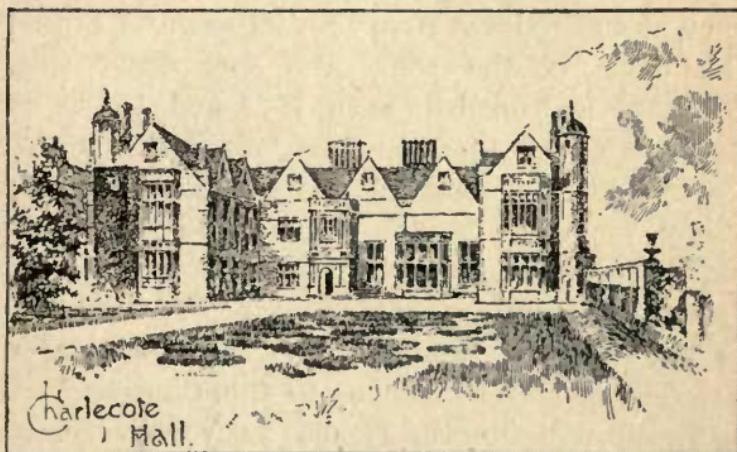
hood which have been patiently searched. Of the churches above named the registers have been destroyed, or do not go back so far as 1582.

Another question which will probably never be solved is that of the truth or falsehood of what is commonly known as "the deer-stealing story." The tale has many versions and variations, but is briefly to the effect that Shakespeare stole deer from Charlecote Park, was caught by the keepers, hauled before Sir Thomas Lucy, and whipped or threatened. In revenge, he wrote and stuck upon the gate of Charlecote a lampoon, of which a portion was as follows :—

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass ;
If Lucy is lowsie, as some folk miscall it,
Sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it."

There are many inherent improbabilities in even the most consistent version of the story, and we feel bound to reject it in the main, in spite of the supposed confirmation given by the portrait of Justice Shallow and his arms of "a dozen white luces," in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The arguments for and against the story are much too long for our space, but there are very many reasons, in the actual historical facts of the time and district, for disbelieving. That some local trouble led Shakespeare to leave home soon after his marriage seems but too likely. Religious differences were

the most probable basis of the trouble, and, as it happens, we know many facts which lend great weight to the probability. This view is elaborated at some length in our *Shakespeare's Town and Times*, and it is interesting to note that so careful an investigator as Mrs Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, writing almost simultaneously, gives the same view of the case and with further confirmatory evidence.



The question of Shakespeare's religion has often been the subject of controversy, and one is frequently asked,—was he a Roman Catholic? Perhaps the position would be more easily stated if we always distinguished between the English Catholics, to whom belonged an immense number of the English people, as loyal as their Protestant neighbours, and the Roman Catholics, few in number, and mostly foreigners, who owned no allegiance to the English

monarch. That John Shakespeare was an old or English Catholic seems certain ; and we know that immense numbers of the Warwickshire folk were of the same persuasion, in spite of the penalties designed to crush them. The fines for non-attendance at church were so heavy as to be absolutely ruinous if strictly enforced, and even when only minor fines were inflicted (in the case of poor men), they were exceedingly galling. Amongst the little men who suffered was Henry Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, uncle of the poet, who was many times summoned and fined between 1574 and 1583. At later dates, too, there are several entries against him, but these do not affect the present question, as they would be after the time of the poet's leaving home. In 1583 another Shakespeare of Snitterfield (Thomas, probably an uncle of the poet) was fined on the same day as Henry, for not wearing "cappes on sondayes and hollydayes to the Churche." In the Stratford district Sir Thomas Lucy was chairman of the Commission on recusants, and at least twice the name of John Shakespeare was on the list of those who did not go to church.

In 1583, while the Snitterfield men were being persecuted in a mild way, Edward Arden, the head of the family to which the poet's mother belonged, was seized on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy against the Queen's life, and after a trial that was the talk of the country and even of foreign courts, was executed at Smithfield. The whole matter

seems to have been arranged by Leicester, the Queen's favourite, who had reason for hating Edward Arden; but Sir Thomas Lucy also took part in the prosecution; and it seems quite likely that these troubles may have led to Shakespeare's suddenly leaving home, perhaps after an outburst against Sir Thomas Lucy. If this theory is correct, 1583 is the year in which the poet most probably set forth to seek his fortune; and not 1585, as has been most generally suggested.

Whether the poet went at once to London, or whether he travelled in the provinces with the actors whom he may have first joined as a boy, we do not know. Probably for some time he was a wanderer with the players, returning as often as opportunity served to his home and wife. His first daughter, Susanna, was baptised on May 26, 1583; and twin children, Hamnet and Judith, on Feb. 2, 1585.

Of Shakespeare's life in London but little is known, and we shall here say nothing. Between 1585 and 1592 there is only one record concerning him, which shows him (in 1589) joined with his father in bringing a bill of complaint for the recovery of his mother's land from a relative to whom it had been mortgaged.

In 1597, so great had been Shakespeare's success in London, that he was able to return to Stratford and purchase the most important private house in the town, known as New Place, and also, amongst the Stratford people, as "the great house." For this

house, with its garden and orchard, he paid the small sum of £60 (equal to a much greater amount now), from which it has been conjectured that the house was in bad repair. From this time it is probable that Shakespeare frequently and regularly visited his family, though we know that for some years he was still busy in London.

In 1601 John Shakespeare was laid to rest in the old parish church, and it is pleasant to know that he had evidently recovered from his worst pecuniary difficulties and retained the esteem of his neighbours.

In 1602 William Shakespeare bought a hundred and seven acres of land from John Combe; and in 1605 he bought a portion of the local tithes. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to Dr John Hall, and in the following year the poet was able to attend the baptism of his first grandchild, at whose decease in 1670 his family was to become extinct.

For the next ten years, so far as we know, things went smoothly and easily with the poet, who was all the time shaking off the ties of London, and attaching himself to his country home. Now and again we have records of his doings, though all too brief and unsatisfactory. Now he is suing a debtor for the value of goods supplied; again, his name occurs in a list of those who have store of grain (a list made in time of famine), and yet again we find him using his considerable influence to prevent the enclosing of "The Dingles," a charming bit of

common land toward Welcombe. In 1610 he bought more land from John Combe; and in 1612 he bought property in London, including an estate in Blackfriars.

In 1613 there was trouble for William Shakespeare; for the Globe Theatre, in which he was interested, was burned to the ground, and the character of his daughter, "good Mistress Hall," was attacked by a slanderer. The unscrupulous person, one John Lane, was duly proceeded against, and excommunicated by the court.

In 1614 there was a great fire in Stratford-on-Avon, but we do not know that the Shakespeare family suffered. A travelling divine was entertained at New Place. John Combe died, leaving a legacy of £5 to William Shakespeare, and the Globe Theatre in London was rebuilt.

Of 1615 we have no record of importance, but in January of 1616 the poet seems to have felt his end approaching, for he had his will prepared. The signing of this will, however, was postponed until March 25th, after the wedding of the younger daughter, Judith, to Thomas Quiney, a vintner. On April 23rd, the anniversary of his birth, the great poet passed away, and on the 25th he was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity, the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon.

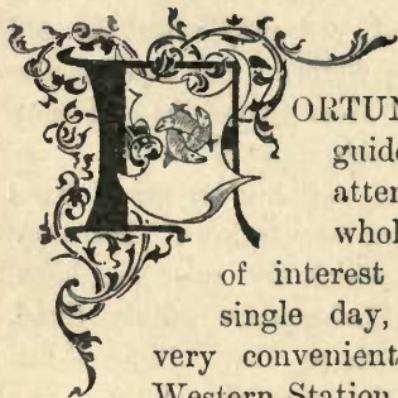
His widow, who will always be remembered as Anne Hathaway rather than as Mistress Shakespeare, lived until August 1623; and on the 8th of

that month was buried beside her husband's remains.

Of the three children, Hamnet had died in boyhood, and the two daughters were married, as has been stated. Susanna (Mrs John Hall) died on July 11th, 1649, leaving one daughter. Judith had three sons, all of whom seem to have died unmarried; and Judith herself died on February 9th, 1662. The last survivor of the family was Elizabeth Hall, a girl of eight years when Shakespeare died. She married, first, Thomas Nash, whose house now forms the New Place Museum, and, for her second husband, John (afterward Sir John) Barnard. Lady Barnard died childless on February 17th, 1670, the last of the poet's descendants.

CHAPTER III.

THE TOUR OF THE TOWN.



ORTUNATELY for those misguided people who will attempt to compress the whole of Stratford's wealth of interest within the limits of a single day, the various objects lie very conveniently. Leaving the Great Western Station we take the direct road into the little town, along a piece of the Alcester Road, and down Greenhill Street (a house in which was bought by John Shakespeare in 1556) to the Rother Market, in which stands the Memorial Fountain, given to the town by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and opened in the Jubilee year (1887) by Sir Arthur Hodgson, then mayor of the town. The word "rother" is old Saxon for horned

cattle; hence this was the cattle-market, and not very long ago a little stream ran down Rother Street, filling one or two little ponds in the market.

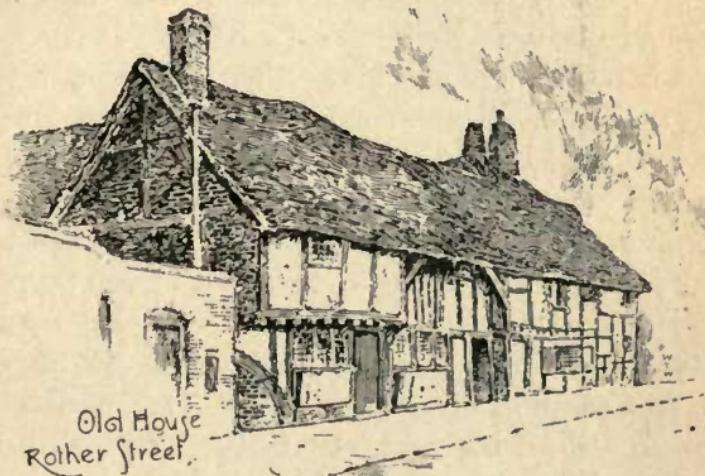
Around the Rother Market are many old houses, most picturesque of which is the Old Thatch Tavern, at the corner of Greenhill and Rother Streets. Walking along the latter, past the Children's Hospital and the Salvation Army barracks, we reach

Mason's Court, a picturesque old block of buildings on the right, amongst the oldest houses in the town. A passage admits to the back of these houses, which is quite as picturesque as the front. Returning toward the Rother Market, we may note the old houses at the corner of Ely Street; and passing the fountain again, walk down Meer Street into Henley Street where we at once catch sight of

Shakespeare's Birth-house, well known surely from its innumerable pictorial representations. Here we may see the very room in which the poet was born, the house in which the Shakespeare family lived, and the adjoining workshops in which John Shakespeare carried on the glover's trade. The custodians will cheerfully give all particulars of the numerous objects here preserved; or the next chapter may be consulted. Along Henley Street to the top of Bridge Street is but a few yards. At the corner of Henley Street and Wood Street is a curious little market building, erected in 1810; and facing on to Bridge Street, a fine wide thoroughfare, in which the market is held on Friday. Down the

centre of this street, until about 1860, stood Middle Row, a number of houses and shops dividing the street into two miserably narrow thoroughfares. On the right is High Street, at the corner of which is

Judith Shakespeare's House, the home of Shakespeare's younger daughter during the first thirty-six years of her married life (1616–1652). Here she



settled to housekeeping soon after the death of her father, and a few months after her marriage to Thomas Quiney, the vintner. Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney, a school-fellow of Shakespeare, and the writer of the only letter addressed to the poet which is known to be in existence. The house was known as "Wynceler" as far back as 1382–3; as is shown by deeds still preserved; and at a later date became indifferently known as "the Wine-

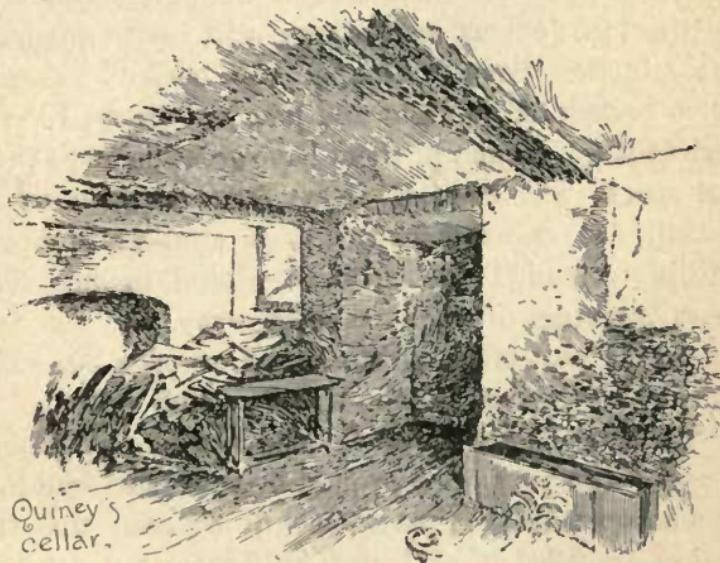
cellar" and "the Cage," from the fact that a portion of the building was used as the town "cage" or prison. Here were born the three Quiney children, all of whom died unmarried while the family was living here. The deaths of two of these sons within a month of each other, in 1639 (ages 19 and 21 respectively), must have been a terrible blow to their parents. For many years Thomas Quiney seems to have been very successful, but later his business declined, and in 1652 he was obliged to leave Stratford and join his brother in London. His wife appears to have remained in Stratford, where she died in February 1662, and was buried in Trinity Church.

The house in question (the Wine-cellar and the Cage are now one property) is owned by the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, and is occupied by Mr Edward Fox, who takes great interest in all Shakespearean matters, and who is always very pleased to show to visitors the cellar below the shop (with its remains of the slopes for rolling the casks) and the gloomy room supposed to have been the "cage." He has collected also a small number of very interesting relics, the most important being a portrait, in oils, believed to represent Judith Shakespeare, and obtained from the collection handed down in the Hart family (descendants of the poet's sister, Joan) with the Birth-house.

Immediately opposite this house, near the other side of High Street, stood the market cross, and beneath

the roadway, entirely unmarked, is still the old well that stood beneath the cross.

Passing along High Street there are curious glimpses up some of the narrow side alleys, and those who step within will find evidence that many of the houses now fronted with brick or stucco are fine timbered buildings. The finest of them all,



Quiney's
cellar.

fortunately, retains its old carved fronts, and is well worth notice. Known as

The Harvard House, it stands on the right side of the street, near the corner of Ely Street, and opposite the Corn Exchange. It was built in 1596, while William Shakespeare owned New Place, by Thomas Rogers. Here, until her marriage in 1605, lived Catharine Rogers, who became the wife of Robert

Harvard of Southwark, and the mother of John Harvard, who emigrated to America and founded the great Harvard University, near Boston. Opposite this house is

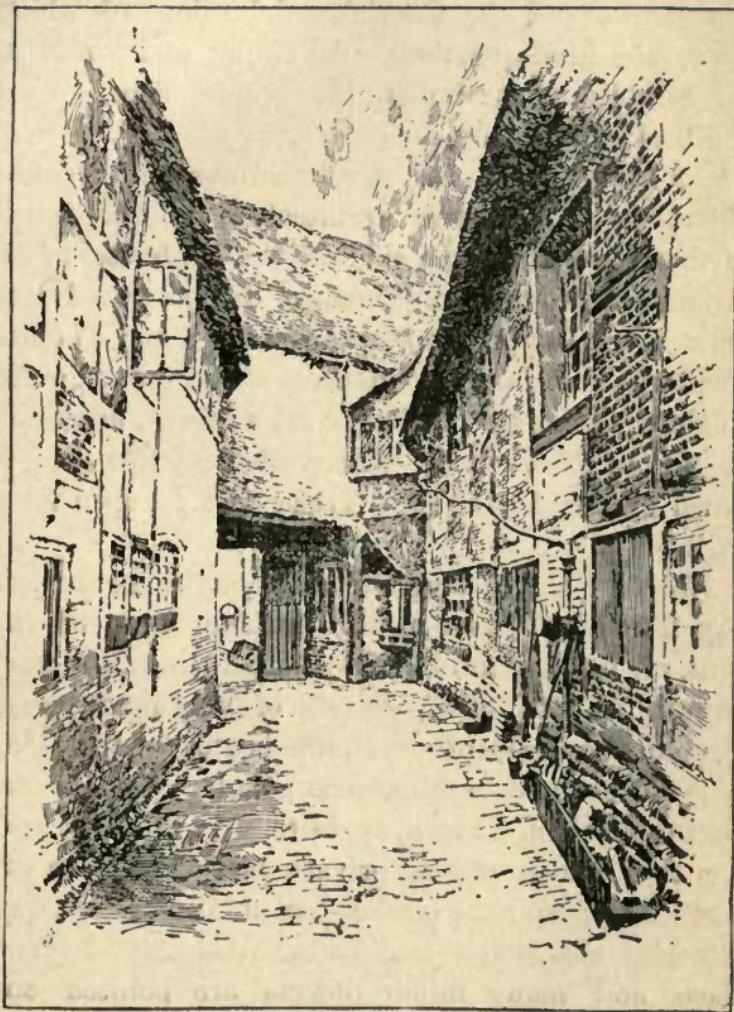
The Corn Exchange, a modern building, erected in 1855.

Sheep Street contains a few very picturesque timbered houses. On the right are those occupied by the town offices, and others, still more quaint, a little further down. One or two curious passage-ways branch off on right and left, and are well worth penetrating. Some of them have great doors at their entrances; but even if these doors happen to be closed, no one will object to a stranger stepping within, provided the door be closed again. The most striking of these passage-ways, on the left below the post-office, is illustrated on page 39. Returning to the top of the street, we find

The Town Hall, which is open to visitors without charge. Formerly the ground-floor of this building was an open market-place (it will be seen that the arches are filled in with new walling), and here were the old stocks, now, alas! vanished. On the wall facing along High Street is a statue of Shakespeare, presented to the town by David Garrick, at the time of the great Shakespeare Commemoration. Within the Town Hall may be seen some of the ancient charters, and a few paintings of considerable interest. The building dates from 1768, when it replaced an older town hall built in 1633.



THE HARVARD HOUSE.



Old Court, off Sheep Street.

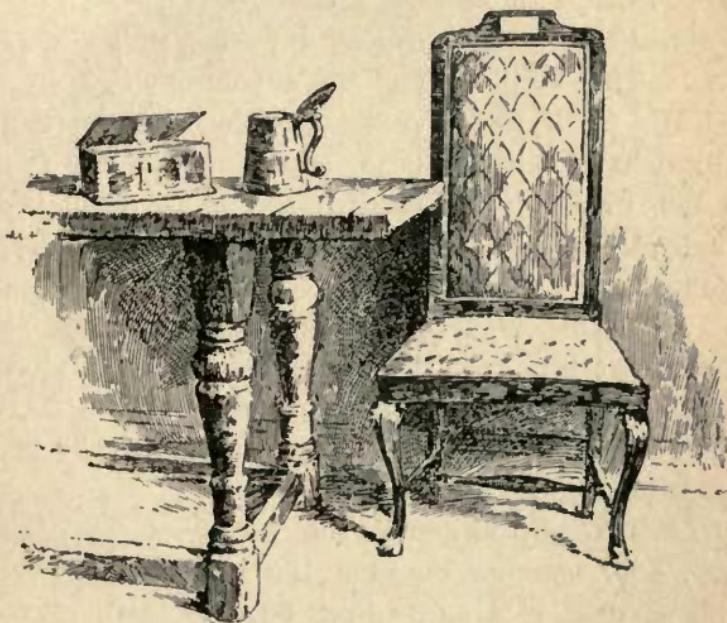
Chapel Street is a continuation of High Street, and here, on the left, is the Shakespeare Hotel, full of mementoes of the Garrick celebration, of which it was the head-quarters. Adjoining, and a part of this establishment, though the ground floor is used as a bookseller's shop, is

The Fire Gables, the most picturesque piece of half-timbered domestic architecture in the town. Further along the same side are the old houses (with modernised fronts) of Thomas Hathaway; Julius Shaw, a witness of Shakespeare's will; and Thomas Nash, who was the first husband of the poet's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall. Nash's house, adjoining the site of New Place, where Shakespeare died, is owned by the Birth-place Trust, and is open for a small fee as

The New Place Museum. The entrance hall is very fine. In it, and in the museum room on the right, are collections of books and paintings, and very many relics and other objects of varying interest. The old shovel-board or shuffle-board, a great long table constructed for this once popular game, comes from the Falcon Tavern, opposite. In Shakespeare's day the Falcon was a private house. The poet's oaken flagon and the trinket-box of Anne Hathaway, with two old chairs said to have belonged to New Place, and many minor objects, are pointed out. The visitor is also shown into the adjoining garden where the foundations of New Place may be traced, and where a draught of delicious water may be

obtained from the well that was once in the New Place cellar. The adjoining

New Place Gardens (entrance in Chapel Lane) are open without charge, and make a pleasant resting-place. They contain an ancient mulberry tree,



Relics in New Place Museum.

grown from a slip from the mulberry planted by Shakespeare himself, at the time when many loyal subjects followed the example of King James by attempting to encourage silk culture in England.

The Falcon Tavern, at the corner of Chapel Street and Scholar's Lane, is interesting as a house at which

Shakespeare must have visited, and where, traditionally, he spent many evenings.

The Guild Chapel, opposite the Falcon and New Place, at the corner of Chapel Lane and Church Street, is full of historic interest as the church of the old Guild of the Holy Cross, which was such a powerful factor and civilising influence in the olden days. This building, and the adjoining

Guild Hall and Grammar School, will be more fully described in the next chapter. They are open to the public for a small fee. A continuation, practically, of the Guild Hall and Grammar School, along Church Street, is

The Alms Houses, formerly occupied by the poorer brethren of the Guild. Further along, bending to the left, we find ourselves in the "Old Town," and on the left-hand side of the way is a fine gabled house known as

Hall's Croft, formerly the home of Dr John Hall, who married Susanna, the elder daughter of Shakespeare. Almost next door is Avon Croft, two white houses, in the first of which lived R. B. Wheler, the Stratford historian. Opposite is the site of the old College, and but a few yards further is the ancient

Parish Church, otherwise Trinity Church, in which lie the remains of the Shakespeare family. On entering the churchyard it is well to turn to the left, along the narrow walk, to the riverside, obtaining views of the church across the graveyard.

From the path alongside the river there are beautiful views of the Memorial Theatre, with the river and the gardens of Avonbank in the foreground, and, in the other direction, of the old mill. The little path along the riverside brings us to the east end of the church, which ought to be viewed from all points. Beside the pathway on the north is a row of elaborately carved head-stones, of great interest, and on the north wall of the nave is a stone, more than once re-chiselled, but now only partly decipherable, to a member of the Hart family.

The visitor should enter the church, for the inspection of which a charge of sixpence is made; and on leaving the churchyard by the little gate in the west end of the south wall, should turn back for the view of the beautiful spire from Mill Lane. Along this lane, under the fine old elms, is a pleasant short walk to

The Mill, probably the oldest site in the town for unbroken devotion to one purpose. Before the old town cage, before the first bridge was built across the straat ford; possibly even before the site of the present church was used for religious purposes, the water of the river turned a mill, as it does to-day.

Just beyond the mill is a little path on the right leading to the East and West Junction Station, and visitors who have come to Stratford by the other Station may well pass up to the E. and W. platform for the fine view of the church. From the same

point a footbridge leads across river, and turning up stream, on the further bank, we have a fine view of

The Old Mill Weir. The meadows on this side of the river are owned by the town, and form a most enjoyable strolling-ground, especially toward sunset. Walking up the river bank, if there are not too many people about, you may see a water-vole at his toilet, or even catch a glimpse of an otter. The old lock—reminiscence of the days when the Avon was navigable for heavy barges—forms a picturesque foreground for a view of the old church, and a little further is a charming prospect of Avonbank, the residence of Mrs Flower, who, like her husband, the late Mr Charles E. Flower, has done so much for Stratford-on-Avon and for the memory of Shakespeare. The Memorial Theatre and Library looks well with the river foreground; and still following the meadow path, we soon reach the tram bridge, carrying a light railway (almost disused) over the Avon. It is well to walk on to

The Tram Bridge, for the sake of the views of the Clopton Bridge, and of the Memorial and the Church, which are to be obtained from it. Returning to the further bank from the town, we soon come to

The Clopton Bridge, built in the fifteenth century by Sir Hugh Clopton, Stratford's greatest benefactor. It replaced a wooden bridge, which was inaccessible in time of floods. Opposite its eastern end, and well surrounded by trees, is Alveston Manor House,

built in the very corner of Alveston parish. Opposite, too, is the Banbury Road, from which soon branches the road to Shipston-on-Stour; and on our left, as we stand at the end of the bridge, is Tiddington Road. A couple of hundred yards up this road, just past the house on the left, is

The Bathing Place, anciently, as well as at the



present day, devoted to those who love to swim. It is a very typical bit of Avon scenery, with its low banks and pollard willows. Returning, we may cross the bridge, and the next visit of the tourist should be to

The Memorial Theatre, Library, and Picture Gallery, quickly reached along the Waterside, the road to the left from the Bridge Foot. The Memorial

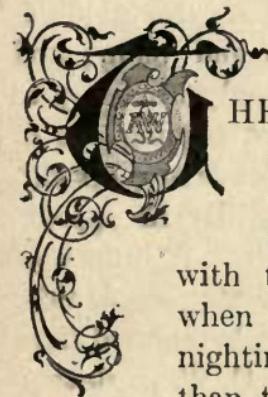
is more fully described in a later chapter. Returning to the Bridge Foot, Bridge Street is on the left, and on the right-hand side of Bridge Street is the Red Horse Hotel, immortalised by Washington Irving in his *Sketch Book*. All visitors should see the Irving room, which Mr Colbourne is perfectly willing to show. From here, walk down the stable yard behind the hotel into Guild Street. Turn up this street (to the left), and before long you reach the garden at the back of the Birth-house, which gives by far the most picturesque view of that historic building.

A few yards further along Guild Street, and the Birmingham Road, practically a continuation, is reached. Along it, passing the ends of Brewery Street and Clopton Lane, we come to the Boundary Elm, surrounded by iron railings, and taking the place of the ancient Boundary Elm, amongst the roots of which the boy Shakespeare played, and the last gnarled remains of which were removed but recently.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCIPAL SIGHTS.

The Hathaway Cottage.



HE walk across the fields to Shottery is a pleasant ramble at any time when the weather is fine. In spring-time, when the air is rich with the scent of the hawthorn, and when there is a chance of hearing the nightingale's song, no hour is pleasanter than the late dusk, just on the edge of darkness. At such time, though the stroll through the field-paths and the lanes is most enjoyable, the Hathaway Cottage is not open for inspection, so that it is well to make a first visit during daylight hours.

The distance from Stratford is about one mile and there are several paths. One footpath, the most convenient from most parts of Stratford, commences in Back Lane, opposite the end of Chestnut

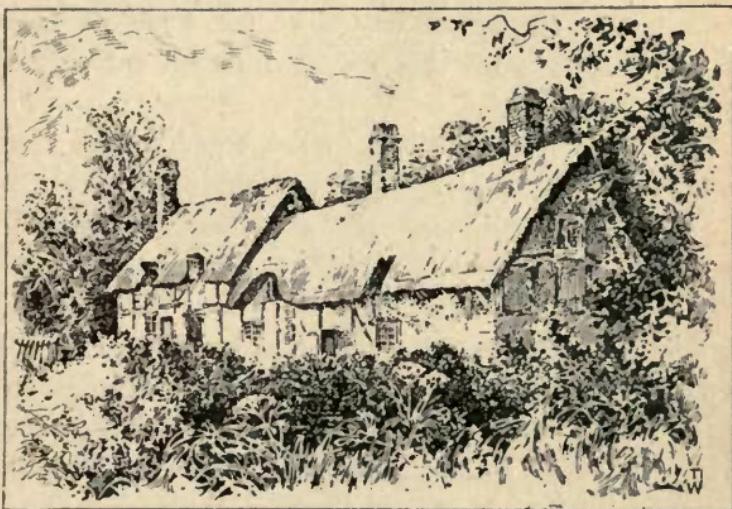
Walk, and close to the corner of the grounds of the Vicarage. Before taking this path, it may be interesting to walk a few yards along Back Lane, toward Greenhill Street, to see, on the left, the burying-ground of the Vicarage pets. Here, under neat head-stones, with curious inscriptions in the dead as well as modern languages, lie Adam, Noah, Moses Bijou, and Oko Jumbo.

To return to our walk across the fields. If you take it in the summer-time you will be pestered by children offering their services as guides, and attempting to sell bunches of flowers. No guide is necessary, as the path is straight and plain; and when it emerges into a lane, it is only necessary to follow that lane as it bends (but not turning out of it), until it crosses a little stream, bends to the right, and Anne Hathaway's cottage, familiar in appearance to everyone, is seen on the left. A branch of this field-path starts from the Alester Road, close to Albany Street, and may, in fact, be entered from the end of Albany Street, near the G. W. R. station.

Another approach to the village of Shottery is by the Shottery Road, starting from a level crossing over the G. W. Railway at the end of Evesham Place.

On approaching the village by this route, an important farm-house on the right will be noted, and to it attaches an especial Shakespearean interest. It is the Shottery Manor farm, in the roof-room of which, if Major Walter's statement is to be trusted, Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway were first mar-

ried, according to the rites of the "old faith." The road through the village shows us many picturesque old thatched cottages and one or two farms, with their surrounding outbuildings. At many of these places the best of country refreshment can be obtained, and at very reasonable charges. A short distance beyond the Manor farm the lane to the



Hathaway Cottage will be found on the left, running down a few yards to the stream afore mentioned. Before leaving Shottery, it is well to follow the lane a few hundred yards beyond the Hathaway Cottage until a very picturesque hamlet or collection of thatched cottages is reached. For some unknown reason this place rejoices in the name of The Barracks.

As an alternative walk, we may take the Evesham

Road for half-a-mile or so until Shottery Lane branches off to the right, along a pleasant avenue of fine elm trees, an avenue terribly thinned, however, by the great storm in the spring of 1895.

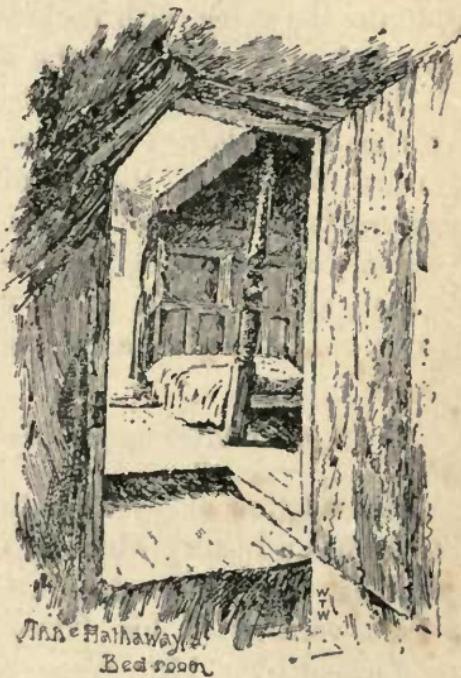
There is yet one other way to reach Shottery, longer than the others, but well worth taking as an alternative. Take the Aleester Road, over the bridge close to the G. W. R. station ; follow it (a most charming rural highway) for about a mile, until Shottery Lane, the first turning on the left, is reached.

(For all these roads and paths, refer to the map and the plan at the end of the book.)

The Hathaway Cottage has the strongest possible claim (short of absolute proof) to the honour which has been accorded to it from time immemorial. Through the centuries the tradition had been verbally preserved that Shakespeare's wife was Anne Hathaway, and this her home ; and the confirmation given by the comparatively recently discovered marriage bond, with the name latinised as Annam Hathwey, was very satisfactory.

The house (for it is a misnomer to call it a cottage) is a good thatched farm-house of the days of Queen Bess, divided late in the eighteenth century into two, and still later into three habitations. The central portion is shown as Ann Hathaway's, although, so far as we know, it has no greater claim than the other portions to that distinction. This central part is inhabited, at the time of writing, by

Mrs Baker, a charming old lady, who has been the custodian to show the house to several generations of tourists. She is descended from the Hathaways, and in the old Family Bible which she keeps on the little round table near the fire-place, can show the birth and death entries of many members of the family. Her son lives in the adjoining third of the house (nearest the road) and issues tickets to visitors. The interior of Mrs Baker's best room has been so often illustrated that it must be familiar to every pilgrim, and a very charming old room it is, with its small latticed windows, its great open fire-place, with bacon-cupboard and ingle-nook, and its low timbered ceiling. Up the narrow, worn, and curiously winding stair the visitor may climb to "Anne Hathaway's bedroom," with its great four-poster bed, an old linen-chest, and one or two other ancient pieces of furniture. This ancient bed was



Anne Hathaway's
Bedroom

formerly in the topmost portion of the old house (furthest from the road), where its head was built into the wall, and it was almost considered as a part of the freehold. This further portion of the house, which is not now shown to visitors, is in some respects very interesting, as it has been less changed in recent days than any other part, and it contains the dairy, with its great stone milk-settling slab, and with remains of the old cheese-press.

The Hathaway house was bought a few years ago by the Birth-place Trust for £3,000, with an additional £500 for the furniture. A charge of sixpence is made for permission to view the interior; and we believe it is the intention of the Trust, so soon as funds will allow, to restore the ancient character of the place as a single dwelling.

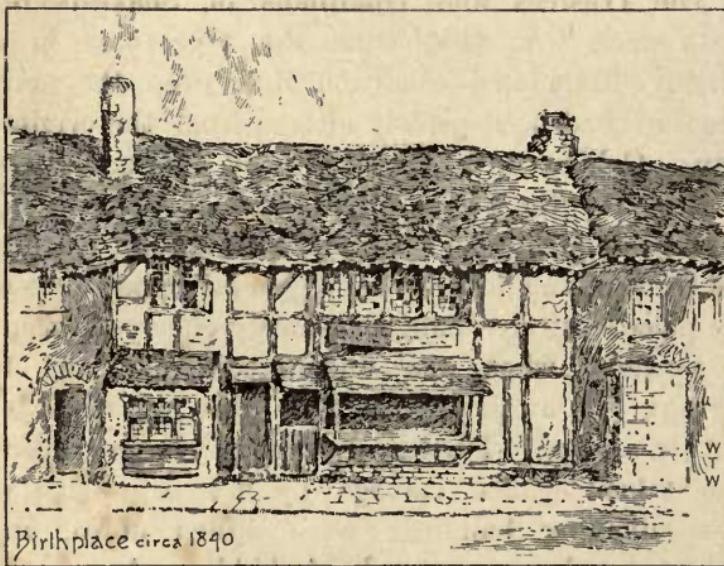
Shakespeare's Birth-place.

This old (but almost re-built) structure in Henley Street has a history which is quite clear and indisputable. The house was the property of William Shakespeare after his father's death. After the poet's death the birth-place belonged to his sister Joan, and the wool-shop, adjoining, to his daughter Susanna. On the death of Joan (Hart) the property was amalgamated in the possession of Mrs (Susanna) Hall, who died in 1649, when the property descended to her daughter, Mrs (or Lady) Barnard. On Lady Barnard's decease the place

passed by will to Thomas Hart, grandson of the poet's sister Joan, and remained in the hands of the Hart family until 1806, when it was sold. In 1847 the property came into the market, when it was bought by the representatives of a number of subscribers, who wished to secure the historic place for public use. In 1866 these trustees handed over the property to the Corporation of Stratford, acting as The Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birth-place. At that time the place was in a terribly dilapidated condition, and even the main structure had been greatly altered from the original plan. Calling in the best advice obtainable, the trustees had the whole place thoroughly renovated, the roof and chimneys restored, the gables let into the front of the roof, and the general appearance of the place entirely changed. Every effort was made to preserve what was undoubtedly old, and to prevent for a very long time the necessity for further repairs. Further, every possible precaution was taken against damage by fire or otherwise. The adjoining buildings were pulled down, and stringent rules were made, forbidding the use of artificial light within the building on any pretence. Responsible custodians and guides were appointed, and a charge of sixpence was fixed for admission to the birth-house, with an additional sixpence for the wool-shop, now converted into a museum.

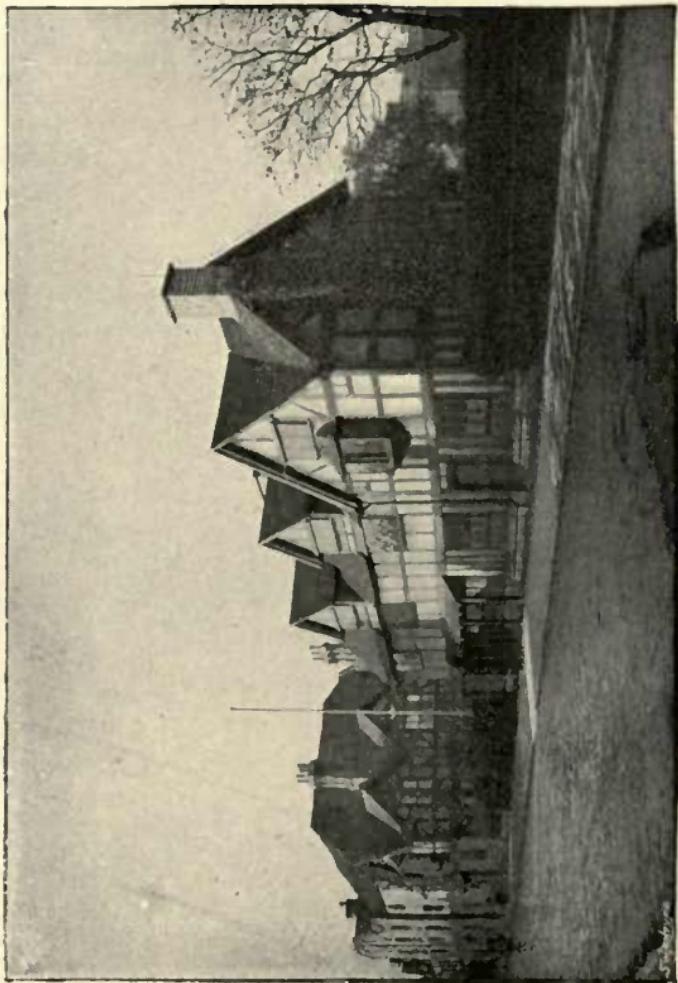
The "*Main Room*" of the Birth-house is the one first entered by visitors. It was at one time used

as a butcher's shop ; and the massive chimney, with its ample space for smoking hams and bacon, is the most interesting part as connecting us with the time of John Shakespeare, the High Bailiff. In the palmy days of his connection with the Corporation, when visitors of importance would be entertained at his house, when neighbours would assemble to discuss



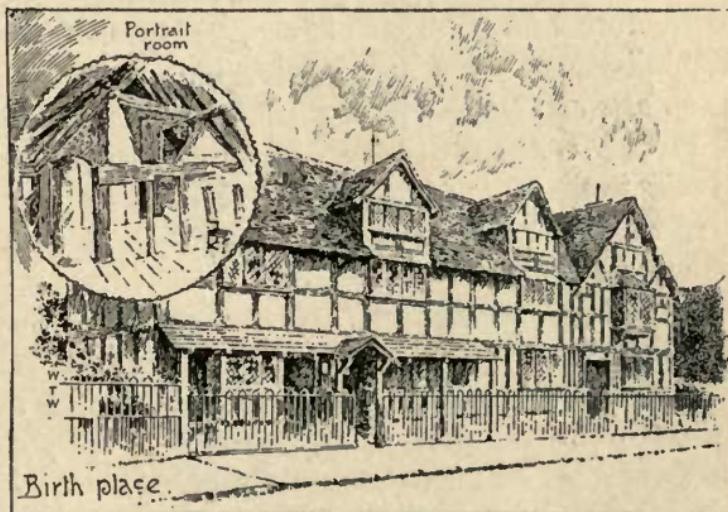
the affairs of the town and of the nation, this must have been an important room. Those were days when books and newspapers were practically unknown, when memories were very different from those of now-a-days, and when politics, religion, history, and legend were passed from lip to ear. As travellers told their tales of foreign climes, and as

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.



neighbours discussed the oppressions which were falling on those of the old faith, we can imagine the boy Willie sitting in his own corner, drinking in every word, and receiving from this early experience of divers opinions, good support for his natural tendency to a broad-minded view of life.

The *Living-Room*, behind the main room, has a similar great fire-place, with room for seats in the



ingle-nook. Behind it, again, is a tiny parlour, and a passage-way leading to the back door opening on the garden. From this "living-room" a stairway goes down to the cellar, and another up to a tiny landing, off which opens

The *Birth-room*. Over the main room, this bedroom has a similar great chimney. Its windows, still containing a few of the old panes (distinguish-

able by their green colour), are scratched all over with the names of notabilities and others; its walls and its ceiling are almost black with pencilled names. The ceiling has become very unsafe, and rather than destroy the old fabric the trustees have supported it with a grille of iron laths.

The *Portrait-room* across the little passage behind the Birth-room is named from the fact that within it hangs the "Stratford" portrait of Shakespeare. This picture has a curious history. It hung from an unknown date in a house belonging to the Clopton family, and bought from them by William Hunt in 1758. With the house, certain pictures and fixtures were bought, but it was a hundred years later, in 1860, that some one suggested that the particular picture in question had been painted at two periods, and that the later work was very inferior to the original. When the later work had been removed, the picture appeared as it is seen to-day, and from its similarity to portraits of the poet, was claimed as an undoubted Shakespeare.

The room was originally two. The old door-head through the partition can still be seen, and is only about four feet high. One of these rooms, almost undoubtedly, must have been the sleeping-place of the great poet through his childhood, boyhood, and early youth. From the inner one a little staircase leads to the garret, now closed on account of the instability of its floor.

The Birth-place Garden is a pleasant, sweet-smelling

place, probably very different from its state when John Shakespeare, the glover, lived here. An attempt is made to grow every tree and plant mentioned in Shakespeare's works, and visitors are allowed, if the custodians are not kept too busy, to peep into the garden from the rear doorway. Unfortunately, so many visitors have proved so unscrupulous in the way of purloining plant relics, that the trustees have been obliged to forbid wandering in the garden, which was once freely allowed. In the centre walk is the base of the old market cross, removed from High Street.

The Birth-place Museum contains a great number of most interesting exhibits. There are a number of relics personally connected with Shakespeare, and a still larger number of articles, now extinct, which are mentioned in his writings. Amongst the former are several deeds connected with transfer of land in which the poet was interested, a signet ring with the initials 'W. S.' the old hanging sign from the Falcon at Bidford, and the desk at which it is said the poet sat in his school-days. Probably the two last-mentioned are much more recent than the poet's time. Under the desk are the old standard weights and measures of Stratford. In

The Librarian's Room, above the Museum, is a good collection of pictures, rare prints, books of reference, early editions, etc. "Shakespeare's chair," from the Bidford Falcon, is sat upon by almost all visitors, and their attention will be called to a letter

written by Richard Quiney to Shakespeare in 1598, the only letter addressed to the poet known to exist. It asked for a loan of £30 ; and it is pleasant to know, from other evidence, that the poet was able to assist his old school-fellow, and that the loan was duly repaid. In the librarian's room, too, is the Ely Palace portrait of Shakespeare, a picture with a history of much interest ; as well as a great number of engraved and painted portraits, some of which have been manufactured "antiques" with manufactured pedigrees. Above one of the book-cases hang two old paintings, long in the possession of the Hart family, and said to represent Sir John and Lady Barnard. The latter, it will be remembered, was Shakespeare's grand-daughter, and latest living descendant.

The Muniment Rooms adjoining the Birth-house on the opposite side to the Museum contain an immense store of town records, old deeds and leases, manuscripts and original drawings, all of the greatest value to the deep student of Shakespearean and local history, but not open to the public. In these rooms are held the meetings of the Birth-place Trust.

The Guild Chapel

Is of the greatest possible antiquarian interest, though its interior has little to show. It is not generally open to the public, and can best be seen

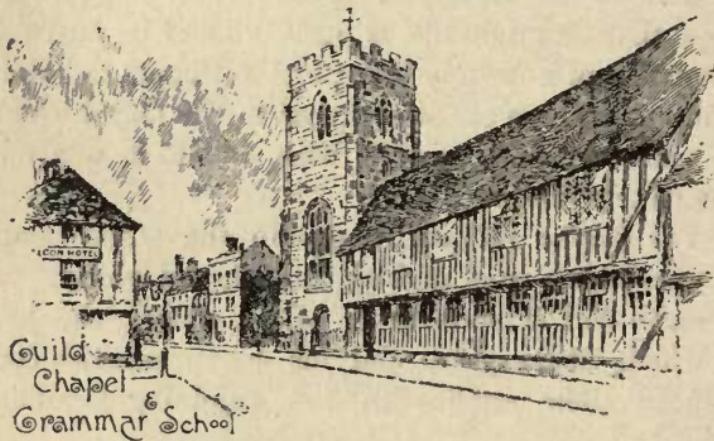
by attending one of the services. On the wall to the north of the chancel arch is a large but not very pretentious monument to Sir Hugh Clopton, Stratford's greatest benefactor, who not only built the Clopton Bridge, and practically rebuilt this Guild Chapel, but also built the "pretty house," later known as New Place, which was bought by William Shakespeare in 1598. Sir Hugh was Lord Mayor of London in 1492; and was buried in the church of St Margaret, Lothbury, in spite of his hope that he might die at Stratford and be buried in what is now known as the Clopton Chapel, in Trinity Church. There are faint traces in the Guild Chapel of some ancient frescoes with which it was once completely decorated.

The Curfew Bell still hangs in the Guild Chapel Tower, and is rung nightly through the winter. As a matin bell it is also rung at six o'clock, the hour at which Shakespeare and his contemporaries commenced their studies in the adjoining Grammar School.

The Brothers' Door of the chapel can be seen just inside the wall of the priest's house garden, within the Grammar School play-ground. This old door is entirely walled up inside the chapel, and has been for the past hundred years. It reminds us of the old days when the brethren of the Guild lived around the yard which is now the playground, and entered the chapel by this private door without going into the street.

The Guild Hall and Grammar School

Is a single building, open during the hours when the scholars are not at work. A fee is charged, which is devoted to the fund for maintenance and repair. The room on the ground floor is the old Guild Hall, in which, when Shakespeare was a boy of five, and when his father was High Bailiff, the players were



first authorised by the town council to give a performance. Here, therefore, it is almost certain that Shakespeare saw his first play; and here is being established the pleasant fashion of having a Shakespearean lecture on the poet's birthday, April 23rd. The room has but recently been restored to its original form by the removal of partitions which divided it into three. At the end furthest from the door are traces of five frescoed panels, found at the

restoration ; and over the door leading into the council chamber are traces of an old inscription. Close beside one of the frescoes, scratched in the fine plaster, is some writing of the time of Henry VIII., which has been translated as referring to purchases of fish and oil, reminding us of the great feasts of the Guild. This

Guild of the Holy Cross was a great organisation, founded in the dim ages of antiquity. In 1389 the officers wrote that the Guild had existed "from time whereunto to memory of man reacheth not," and there are still extant records of bequests made to it in the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was a fraternity for the encouragement of friendliness and brotherly love, for which purpose it held an annual feast, as well as more frequent meetings for the payment of dues. It sheltered the stranger, cared for the poor, tended the sick, and re-established the brother who suffered by fire or other serious mishap ; it said masses and held services for the help of the living, and after death provided burial for the brethren and prayers for the repose of their souls. It established clocks to encourage punctuality, acted as peacemaker between those who disagreed, taught the children in the Grammar School, and provided food and habitation for the brethren who were too old to work and too poor to support themselves. The Guild became very rich,—the principal land-holder in the town,—and even included royal princes amongst its members. At the dissolution

of the monasteries by order of Henry VIII., the property of the Guild was confiscated ; but under his enlightened son a large portion of its work was re-established, the town council was formed on the lines of the government of the Guild, and received a great portion of its ancient revenue and property.

The 'Green Room,' opening out of the Guild Hall to the left, is the old Council Chamber. It is



also, for some reason which does not seem quite clear, called the "Armoury." Over the fireplace is a fresco of the Royal Arms of England, dating from the restoration in 1660 when the land went almost wild with joy at having a king again. The door near the fireplace has an ancient bobbin latch, and gives access to a queer old staircase, leading past the "munition room," in which a valuable find of manuscripts was recently made, to

The Mathematical Room, now used as a library, the most picturesque room in the whole building, with its fine open timber roof, and a very handsome Jacobean table of black oak. On the wall, near the door leading to the main school-room, are two rosettes, supposed to have been painted there in 1485, at the close of the Wars of the Roses, as emblems of the union of the great rival houses of York and Lancaster. One rosette is red, with white centre; the other white, with red centre.

The Latin School-room, entered by the door in question, is inseparably connected with the memory of Shakespeare's school-days. In the furthest corner from where we stand was the desk traditionally assigned to him, and now in the Birth-place Museum. At that end of the room is a partition, dividing off a small apartment, and formerly boasting a floor, that made a garret room, without any light or ventilation save what found its way through the trap-door. Standing on this now vanished floor, generations of scholars have scribbled their names on the wall, which is the wall of the tower of the Guild Chapel.

Descending from the Latin school-room by the outside stairway we note another of the benefactions of the late Charles E. Flower, who built this staircase, and was mainly responsible for the restoration of the whole building.

The Pedagogue's House, in the playground, now used for class-rooms, is even older than the Grammar

School, and was probably the original school-house. In connection therewith is a curious entry in the old records of the Guild, relating to one of the feasts. In those days the ordinary market of Stratford-on-Avon was incompetent to provide food for the great feast, so a brother was sent into the country round about to buy stock, which would be kept and fed for some days before being killed for the feast. The entry is of 1½d. paid for laths and nails for the window of "la Schole Hous," when the pullets were there before the feast.

The Alms Houses, relics of the good deeds of the Guild, are a continuation of the Grammar School building. They shelter twelve poor men and twelve poor women, and each is provided with a weekly dole of bread and money. Over the main doorway is the coat-of-arms of Stratford-on-Avon.

Trinity Church.

The Parish Church, like the Guild Chapel, is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and comes down to us from a date too early for us to fix. The earliest clear record that we have is in connection with John de Stratford, one of several notable sons of Stratford-on-Avon, who became Lord Chancellor under Edward III. In 1337 this good man bought the patronage of the church from the Bishop of Worcester, and presented it to a chantry he had founded in 1332 (when Bishop of Winchester), in

connection with this church of Stratford-on-Avon. John De Stratford widened the north aisle and made therein a chapel to the Holy Virgin (now known as the Clopton Chapel, or the Lady Chapel). The south aisle he rebuilt, with a chapel to St Thomas the Martyr (à Becket), and in the chapel the chantry afore-mentioned, of five priests. The chantry was well endowed, by gift of the Manor of Ingon (a farm on which was afterward rented by John Shakespeare), and much other property.

The College in connection with the church (which was a residence, or college of priests, and not an educational institution) was built in 1353 by Ralph de Stratford, of the same family as John, and afterward Bishop of London.

The charter which had been given to the church by Edward III. was, in 1413, the first year of Henry V., embodied in a new charter, with ample rights and privileges. In the time of Edward IV. (1461–1483), the old chancel was pulled down and the present one built and beautified by the Rev. Thomas Balshall, D.D., who was then the Warden. His successor, the Rev. Ralph Collingwood, D.D., further endowed the College, to support four extra child choristers, and restored very completely the north porch and the nave. These benefactions were only completed in 1515, and in 1535 was made that visitation and survey of the monasteries and religious houses which led to the confiscation of the revenues of the Stratford College, along with those

of 375 other religious foundations. The actual suppression of the College, however, did not take place until 1546, when it was re-valued.

Portions of the present church probably date from the time of the Conquest, or thereabout, when they were erected on the site of an earlier Saxon church. The tower and the lower part of the nave probably

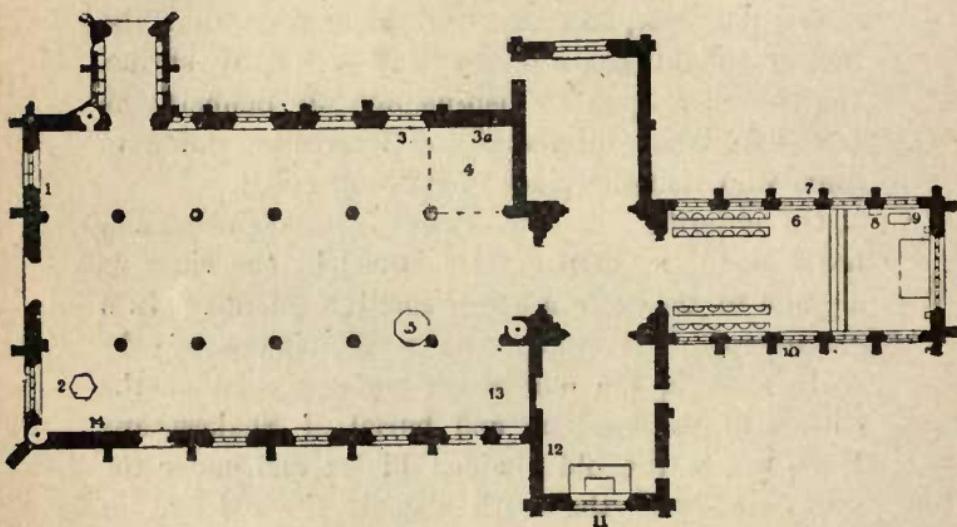


belong to the eleventh or twelfth century, though the clerestory of the nave was built by Ralph Collingwood. The building has, unfortunately, often been under the charge of unappreciative vicars, but has at last fallen into the custody of the Rev. Geo. Arbuthnot, M.A., a genuine admirer of Shakespeare. His earnestness and untiring enthusiasm are very infectious, and under his

hands the church has greatly benefited. Still, much remains to be done before the fabric is in a satisfactory, or even a safe state. The vicar has been severely criticised at times for allowing a new organ and stained glass windows to take precedence of these necessary repairs; but, unfortunately, the great subscribing public will contribute to a memorial window when it will hardly give a penny for relaying a floor, and the vicar is anxious that the church should be in every way a worthy shrine. The church is open to visitors, and Mr Bennett, the custodian, is an interested and interesting guide to those who visit the place in reverent spirit.

On entering, we find visitors' books, collection boxes, and a small pamphlet issued by the vicar as a guide to the church and a small memento. In a glass-topped box under the west window of the north aisle is the old parish register, open at the entries of the baptism and burial of Shakespeare. Here, too, is the old chained bible; and under the west window of the south aisle is the old font in which the poet was baptised. These objects are marked, respectively, 1 and 2 in our little plan of the church. Following the same plan, at 3 is a tablet to the memory of the Harts, a copy of an inscription placed in a corresponding position on the wall outside; and to the left of this, erected since our plan was made, is a window placed by Sir Arthur Hodgson to the memory of his sons. At 3A is a little window with some scraps of stained

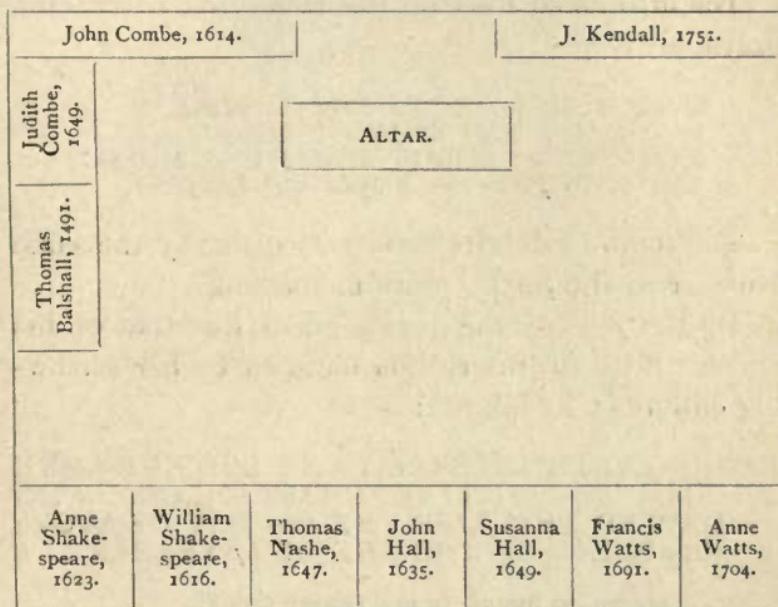
glass in the upper part. These are interesting as being all that remain of a window recording the re-building of the choir, in the following words:— “ Thomas Balshall, Doctor of Divinity, re-edifyed this quier, and dyed Anno 1491.” The Chapel below (4), properly called the Chapel of Our Lady the Virgin, is better known as the Clopton Chapel, since



it contains the handsome tombs of many of the Clopton family. The American window, indicated by 6 on the plan, was placed as the result of collections made entirely from Americans. It represents the “Seven Ages of Man,” as personified by Moses, Samuel, Jacob, Joshua, Solomon, Abraham, and Isaac.

Close beside the north chancel door is the Shake-

speare monument, and below it, inside the altar rails, are the tombs of the poet and his family, as well as of some of his contemporaries. The order is shown in the little diagram.



Shakespeare's own epitaph reads:—

Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

Stay, pasenger, why goest thou by so fast,
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast,
Within this monument ; Shakespeare, with whome
Quick nature dide ; whose name doth deck this tomb,
Far more than cost, sith all that he hath writh,
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.

Obiit anno Domini 1616, Ætatis 53, Die 23 Ap.

The Latin heading may be freely rendered :—

A Nestor in Judgment, a Socrates in Intellect, a Virgil
in Art :—

The earth covers, the people mourn, and heaven holds.

The oft-quoted lines on the stone that covers the grave, are :—

Good frend for Jesvs sake forbeare,
to digg the dvst encloased heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
and cvrst be be yt moves my bones.

The tomb of John Combe was made by the same sculptor as the Shakespeare monument.

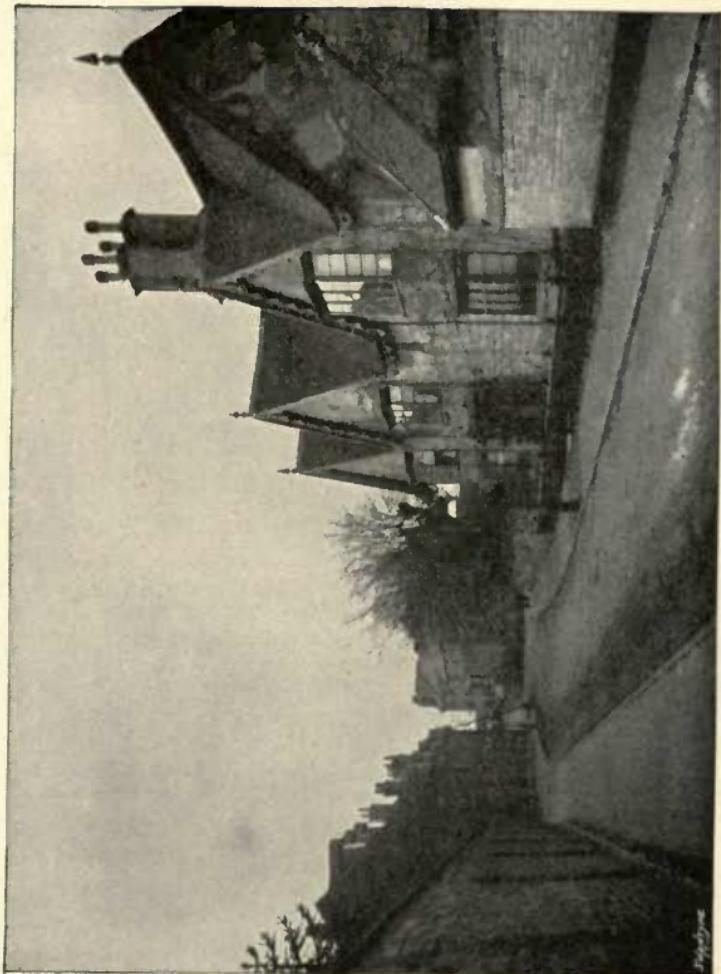
By the side of the poet's grave lies that of his widow ; with the inscription dictated by her sorrowing children ; as follows :—

HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE
WIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO
DEPTED THIS LIFE THE 6TH DAY OF AVGV:
1623 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES

Ubera, tu mater, tu lac, vitamq dedisti
Væ mihi. pro tanto munere saxa dabo
Quam mallem amoueat lapidem, bonus angl'ore
Exeat ut, christi corpus, imago tua
Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christe, resurget
Claus'a licet tumulo mater et astra petet.

If the south chancel door (5) is open, it is worth while to step into the churchyard for the glimpse of the poet's monument framed by the worn old stonework. The new American window (11) is in the south transept. Pending the receipt of funds it is incomplete, but the part already in position

HALL'S CROFT.



was formally unveiled on April 23rd, 1896, by Mr Bayard, the American ambassador. Near it is one of the most interesting inscriptions in the church (12), on the tomb of Richard Hill, a contemporary of Shakespeare. The upper part of the inscription is gone, but the following may be fairly well traced :—

Hic iunxit erat, natus, nunc hic jacet hillus,
hicque magistratus fama ter munere functus;
cumque bonos annos virisset septuaginta,
ad terram corporis, sed mens migrauit ad astra.

beare borne, heare lived, heare died, and bryted
beare,
lieth richarde hil, thrise bailif of this borrovv;
too matrones of good fame, he married in godes
feare,
and novv releaste in joi, he reasts from vworldlie
sorrovv.

beare lieth intombed the corps of richarde hill,
a vwoolen draper beeing in his time.
vvhose virtves live, vvhose fame dooth florish stil,
thowgh hec desolved be to dvst and slime.
a mirror he, and paterne mai be made,
for sycb as shall svckcead him in that trade
he did not vse to syveare, to gloase, either faigne,
his brother to defravde in barganinge;
hee vwoold not strive to get excessive gaine
in ani cloathe or other kinde of thinge:
bis servant, S. J. this trveth can testifie
a witnes that beheld it with mi eie.

Numerous other objects of interest are to be seen in this ancient sanctuary, but we must leave them to be pointed out by the custodian.

*The Memorial Library, Theatre, and
Picture Gallery.*

As long ago as the Jubilee in the last century, Garrick dreamed of Stratford as a centre of study, a school of acting and elocution. A dream the idea remained until the late Mr Charles E. Flower, a generous benefactor to Stratford-on-Avon, tried to secure its realisation. He was not supported as he had hoped by the general public, but in spite of all difficulties, and by dint of contributions from his own purse to the extent of some thirty thousand pounds, in addition to the gift of the site, the theatre was at length completed. It was opened on April 23rd, 1879, and the library and picture gallery on April 18th, 1881.

Unfortunately, the apathy of Shakespeare lovers was such that only by the desperate expedient of spending every penny of the endowment fund could the building be completed. The support is still far from what it ought to be, and if it were not for the extreme generosity of Mrs Charles E. Flower, and others of the same family, the work would be very seriously crippled. As it is, the want of money is felt at every turn, and the amount of good work accomplished in spite of all difficulties is really wonderful. Great attention has been given to the revival of plays, and the committee has published a complete edition of the plays as produced at the Memorial Theatre, in cheap and convenient form

for schools. To a very great extent the Library has served its purpose as a mine of information for the Shakespeare student, although the necessity of catering for tourists and sight-seers has prevented the council providing such accommodation for study as they wish.

The Library contains some seven thousand volumes, including the plays in a great number of editions and languages, books on Shakespeare and his works, plays of sixteenth century authors, books on contemporary history, costume, etc., and biographies of Shakespearean actors. The librarian and his assistants also carefully collect and file all cuttings of Shakespearean interest from newspapers, magazines, etc., and these *ephemeræ*, carefully collated and indexed, will eventually prove of untold value to students.

Probably for many years to come the Library will have to rely for its increase mainly upon gifts, which can be made to a special Library fund. Or, if a Shakespeare lover wishes to contribute a volume or set of volumes, the librarian will gladly inform him of such as are still wanted; and as there are blanks at almost all prices, a gift of almost any sum can be represented by a definite book or books.

Many relics of well-known Shakespearean actors, collections of "Shakespeare's flowers," etc., are treasured and exposed to public view. The art gallery above has been enriched by many generous gifts, and has a very fine collection of pictures.

The most interesting are those hung together as a gallery of portraits of the poet.

Amongst these is the fine portrait on a panel, usually described as the original of the Droeshout engraving, which was prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. Here, too, is the Davenant bust, a fine piece of work with a history that is extremely interesting, though inconclusive as to the claim of the bust to be a real likeness of Shakespeare.

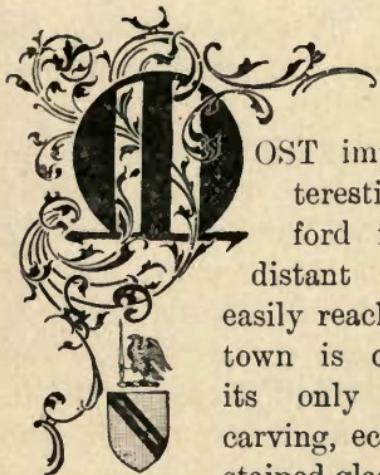
The Memorial Theatre, excellent in every way for its purpose, is far too often dark and silent, and much united work must be given by Shakespeare lovers in many lands before Stratford and its Memorial are the centres of light and activity which it is desired that they should be.

The tower of the Memorial gives a magnificent view of the country round, and is very well worth the climb.

The Gower statue, standing in the grounds of the Memorial, is the generous gift of Lord Ronald Gower, and an example of the giver's own work. The central figure represents Shakespeare, while round the base are figures of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff, and Prince Hal.

CHAPTER V.

SURROUNDING TOWNS AND VILLAGES.



OST important of the many interesting excursions near Stratford is the one to Warwick, distant about eight miles, and easily reached by road or rail. The town is commercially unimportant, its only industries being wood-carving, ecclesiastical ornaments, and stained-glass. It is not known if its origin dates to Briton or Saxon times, but its name is said to come from Warremund, the first Mercian king, who rebuilt it after a severe fire. That industrious builder, Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, constructed a fortress here, and in the Conqueror's reign Warwick was created an earldom. Under Mary Tudor the town was incorporated, and was visited by Queen Elizabeth three years before

the Kenilworth festivities. Further royal guests were, James I., who was entertained in Leicester's Hospital, William III. in 1695, the Prince Regent, Queen Victoria, and several times the Prince of Wales. The town has had some noted sons, such as Walter of Coventry, author of valuable English histories, who was born here about the middle of the 12th century, and, also, John Rous, a zealous antiquary and chantry priest at Guy's Cliff, buried in St Mary's Church in 1491.

Coming to later times, Walter Savage Landor was born in 1775 in a house still standing close to the East Gate.

The sights of Warwick are within easy walking distance of each other, the most prominent being, next to the Castle, St Mary's Church and Leicester's Hospital. The church is on high ground, and the tower is a conspicuous object, its chimes announcing by change of tune the days of the week. The greater part of this church was destroyed by fire in 1694, and restored in the time of Queen Anne, who contributed largely to that object. Among the portions spared by the flames were the Lady, or Beauchamp Chapel, the Chantry and Oratory, called, by some authorities, the Confessional. The Chantry is on the north side of the Lady Chapel, and has a rich fan tracery roof, a floor of red and black glazed tiles, and some quaint piscina. The Oratory is reached from the Chantry.

There are several noteworthy tombs in this

Church, the finest being that of Lord Brooke, in what was once the chapter-house, and bearing the inscription, "Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." Under the Choir is the Crypt, used as the burial-place of the Earls of Warwick.

The finest part of the structure is, however, the famous Beauchamp Chapel, as it is generally called, conceded to be one of the finest examples of pure Gothic architecture in England. It is entered from the south transept under a fine arch, designed and executed by a poor local mason, whose name, unfortunately, is unknown. The chapel was begun in 1443, and completed in 1564 at a cost of what in our day would amount to about £40,000. The ceiling is of richly carved stone, and the floor marble. The east window, though somewhat injured, contains the original stained glass. In the centre of the chapel is the tomb of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, the finest in the kingdom, save Henry VII.'s in Westminster Abbey. The recumbent figure of the Earl, once Regent of France, clothed in brass gilt armour, rests on the top, covered by a hearse of brass gilt hoops, which once, probably, supported a velvet pall. It is related that the chapel floor under this tomb fell in about two centuries ago, and that the Earl's body appeared in good preservation, but exposure to the air soon reduced it to ashes. Tradition says that the Warwick ladies made keepsakes of the hair.

Another fine tomb in the chapel is that of Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and his third wife, Lettice. It has an elaborately carved canopy supported on pillars, and bears a not too true Latin inscription, crediting him with numerous virtues. His little son is buried near the altar, and the "good Earl" Ambrose. Sixpence is the fee to enter this chapel, but the body of the church is free.

The Hospital, founded by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is at the end of High Street, near West Gate. Over this Gate is the chapel of St James, and over the East Gate in Smith Street is that of St Peter, used at one time as a school, and now as a residence. The Hospital was founded for twelve poor men, preferably soldiers, and is a quaint, half-timbered structure with a terraced, old-fashioned garden, from which can be seen, in clear weather, the Cotswold Hills. The courtyard, galleries, and front of the Master's house are very picturesque, and the Hall, though injured, has a fine chestnut roof. In this room King James I. was entertained. The brothers are very comfortably situated, with pleasant rooms, a certain allowance, and what they obtain in the way of gratuities. Visitors can enter any day but Sundays, and are always greatly interested in the Kitchen, partly a museum of antiquities, with its old chairs, cabinets, embroideries and other treasures. In the adjoining chapel of St James is a good coloured window and old screen, with also a few seats for strangers at the daily services.

But the great sight, after all, in Warwick, is the venerable Castle, one of the few not only kept up but inhabited. It is felt to be a national, and almost international, possession, for in 1871, when it was severely damaged by fire, a public subscription towards its restoration was offered, some of the intending contributors being Americans. Visitors are allowed to enter any day at suitable hours, the only restriction being that, when the family are in residence, not all the rooms usually shown can be entered. Tickets are sold at the cottage near the gate for 1s., and visitors are asked not to "tip" the guides, but it is, however, usually done.

Before passing the gates it may be well to sketch briefly the history of the castle and its successive owners.

The first lord of whom we read was the famous Guy, who died a palmer in 929 at his cave, giving name to what has since been known as Guy's Cliff, to be described later. When England was divided among the Conqueror's followers, Henry de Newburgh was made Earl of Warwick, dying in 1123. The sixth earl left no son, and the title and estates passed by marriage to the Beauchamp family, barons of Elmley in Worcestershire. Guy de Beauchamp fought in Scotland with Edward I., and, under the second Edward, joined with the earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Arundel to get rid of the royal favourite, Piers Gaveston. The latter had called the lord of Warwick "the black dog of Arden," and the

dog showed his teeth when, in 1312, on Blacklow Hill, the confederate lords brought the favourite to his death. Guy's son Thomas died at Calais, of which he was for a long time the governor. Another Earl, Thomas, was also distinguished in France, and his son Richard was called "the father of courtesy." He was, perhaps, the most distinguished of his family, being guardian of the young king Henry VI., and Regent of France at the time of his death in 1439. The last of the name, his son Henry, was made king of the Isle of Man, dying young, without an heir. The estate thus came to his aunt, the Countess of Salisbury, her husband being created Earl of Warwick. He was the celebrated "king-maker," whose stately figure is familiar to us in history, novel and drama. The brother of Edward IV., "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," Warwick's son-in-law, succeeded him, and was murdered in the Tower, where the next Earl, Clarence's son, died on the scaffold for connection with the Perkin Warbeck plot.

A lapse of fifty years followed when the title was revived in the person of John Dudley, Lord High Admiral of England, and he was executed under Queen Mary for favouring Lady Jane Grey. With his grandson, brother of Elizabeth's Leicester, the title became again extinct in 1589. James I. gave the title, but not estates, to Lord Rich, whose family held it for seven descents. Lord Rich's son was Lord High Admiral under the Long Parliament, and his

grandson married Cromwell's youngest daughter. This line became extinct, and the title was given to Francis Greville, Earl Brooke, a descendant of the Beauchamps on the female side, who already held the castle and estates, the ancestors of the present Earl. One bit of history not generally known is that some of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, in attempting to rouse the Catholics of the Midlands, actually succeeded with a small force in helping themselves to horses from the castle and defeating the sheriff's party sent against them.

To visit Warwick Castle, one enters the porter's lodge, and approaches the inner gateway by a road cut in the rock. On the left hand is Cæsar's Tower, the oldest part of the structure, the 14th century. Crossing this court, once a vineyard, the visitor passes through the 14th century gateway into the inner court where are the remains of the Northern Tower, the site of Ethelfleda's donjon, the Clarence and Bear Towers, of Richard III.'s time, and the face of the mansion. Usually, single visitors are expected to wait until a party has gathered, when the guide shows them through the state apartments. In the rush of the tourist season the waiting is seldom long. The apartments shown are, ordinarily, the Armoury Passage, and sometimes the Billiard Room, the Compass Room, Lady Warwick's Boudoir, the State Bed-room, the Green or Gilt Drawing-room, the Cedar Drawing-room, the Red Drawing-room, the Chapel and Passage, and the Great Hall.

A great part of the Castle is kept private, and Cæsar's Tower is used for domestic purposes, but Guy's Tower can be visited.

Among the vast number of objects of interest in the different rooms, we will name a few. In the Compass Room is a painted window said to be the work of Rubens. In the Boudoir is a clock of Marie Antoinette's, portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, by Holbein, and other paintings; but the view from the windows is the most attractive sight of all.

In the State Bed-room is Queen Anne's bed, which with its furniture was given to the present Earl's great-grandfather by George III. Queen Elizabeth once slept in this room.

The Green Drawing-room has a magnificent gilt ceiling, but its great treasure is a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, painted by Rubens for the Jesuit College of Antwerp, and brought from there soon after the French Revolution. Behind the wainscot of this room is a secret staircase.

The Cedar Drawing-room has one of the finest marble chimney-pieces in England, and also portraits of Charles I. and the Marquis of Montrose.

The Red Drawing-room was injured by the fire of 1871. It possesses a table of precious stones once owned by Marie Antoinette, some rare Limoges enamels, and paintings by Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Rubens.

The most impressive part of the Castle is the

Great Hall, the carved roof and marble floor of which were seriously damaged by the fire of 1871, but the whole has been restored. The Hall is 62 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 35 feet high, filled with valuable armour and furniture, ancient and modern. Near one window is the celebrated Guy's porridge pot, made of bell-metal, and holding over one hundred and fifty gallons. The guide can tell some curious stories about it.

Passing into the gardens and greenhouse, the most interesting object is the Warwick Vase, discovered in 1774 at the bottom of a lake in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, Italy. It is of white marble, and a beautiful example of Greek Art. The pedestal is modern. To those tourists who desire to row on the Avon, boats are rented near Portobello Bridge, but the part of the river passing underneath the Castle is private.

One mile from Warwick is Guy's Cliff, and opposite is the place of Piers Gaveston's death. The house belongs to the Percy family, and is seldom shown to strangers, as the family are usually in residence. The surroundings are very picturesque for painter and photographer. They were appreciated centuries ago, as Fuller says that "a man in many miles riding cannot meet so much variety as there one furlong doth afford." The old Saxon mill, so familiar to all tourists, was mentioned in Domesday Book. Guy's cave is shown and those of later hermits, also the chantry and priests' chambers,

with the statue of Guy, some eight feet high. Various relics, some doubtful, of Guy's fights are shown at Warwick Castle, and his story can be briefly told. Repenting of his fights, he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return begged alms of his wife for three days among the thirteen poor men she daily fed at her gates. She not knowing him, he considered his sins yet unforgiven, so he dug this cave and dwelt there, going often to the castle, but remaining unknown until his last illness, when he sent a token to his wife who came and closed his eyes.

Another trip to be certainly taken if the traveller has the time, is to Kenilworth, easily reached from Warwick, Leamington, Coventry or Birmingham. One of the pleasantest ways is to go from Warwick by road or rail as leisure serves. Although Kenilworth is visited mainly for the sake of the ruined castle, the surrounding country in every direction is full of beauty, and the village is very attractive. Near the church are the ruins of an old priory, the gateway in reasonable preservation. It was endowed by the founder of the castle. The King's Arms, the older of the two hotels, has one room shown to visitors as being Sir Walter Scott's.

The Castle is open every day but Sundays until sunset, at a charge of 6d. It is kept in order by its present owner, the Earl of Clarendon. Henry I. gave the Manor to Geoffrey de Clinton, and the Castle was probably begun by him. Reverting to

the crown, Henry III. gave it to his brother-in-law, Simon de Montfort. Simon and his eldest son were slain at the battle of Evesham in 1265, but his youngest son Simon rallied their forces at Kenilworth, and the next year resisted a siege for six months. On his surrender, it was given by the King to his own son, Edmund, made Earl of Leicester and Lancaster. Edmund's son Thomas rebelled against Edward II. and was beheaded, but Edward was himself imprisoned later on in the Castle until taken to Berkeley, where he was murdered. Edward III. restored Kenilworth to Henry, the brother of Thomas, whose grand-daughter married John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The Crown again held the Castle from the reign of Richard II. to that of Elizabeth, who gave it to Robert Dudley. The latter spent, so it is claimed, on the Castle and surroundings about £60,000. In the accounts of Queen Elizabeth's visit, as recorded by the old historians, he is mentioned as spending £1000 per day during that time. The Castle was visited also by James I. and Charles I. It became once more Crown property in the time of the second Sir Robert Dudley. Cromwell gave it to one of his officers, who did great damage by tearing down walls, cutting timber, and filling the moat. At the time of the Restoration of Charles II. he presented it to the Hyde family, who have since held it.

So much of the building has been destroyed, mainly by its being at one time used as a sort of

quarry, that considerable study of the ground plan is required to obtain any idea of its former grandeur. The visitor enters by the Gatehouse, now used as a residence, into the first inclosure or Base Court, having Cæsar's Tower to the right, and Leicester's Buildings to the left. Between them is a grass-covered space, the site of Sir Robert Dudley's Lobby and Henry VIII.'s Lodgings, no part of which remains. There was a fine entrance to the right of this latter into the Inner Court, while facing it, after passing the archway, was the Banquet Hall entrance. Cæsar's Tower is thought to be the oldest part of the Castle and built by the founder. Its north side is demolished, and the wall is in some places sixteen feet thick. There is, curiously enough, no trace of a dungeon. West of this tower were placed the kitchens, and there was an arched passage between them. Scott located here one of the most dramatic scenes in his novel. That writer calls what is known as The Strong Tower, the next in order, Mervyn's Tower, and it was once three stories high. In its upper chamber, long ago destroyed, Amy Robsart is described as taking refuge.

The stately Banquet Hall, and much more of the Castle, was built by John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," as Shakespeare calls him. Stone arches supported the floor of this Hall, the lower room being for storage, and its dimensions were ninety by forty-five feet, large enough for a truly royal feast.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-ROOM.



The room was very high, as can easily be seen, and the windows were exceedingly fine. Two vaulted apartments opened from the Hall, and then three other rooms continued the series to Leicester's Buildings, now covered with ivy and partly supported by heavy timbers, looking much older than the rest of the Castle because less strongly built. Beautiful views can be gained from the various towers. Recently, more of the place has been opened to visitors, Lun's Tower, the Water Tower, and Stables being now shown, and in their part of the Castle was the Tiltyard, also the Causeway and Lake.

Five miles from Kenilworth, two from Warwick, and ten miles from Stratford is Leamington, famous as a health resort, with mineral springs, baths, pleasant gardens, and many drives over smooth roads. There are some fine public buildings, shops, and private residences, while the hotels, as might be expected, provide comfortably for their multitude of guests. There are several fine churches also, St Alban's having as its incumbent the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, Dr Nicholson. Strangers will find admittance to the different clubs on a member's introduction.

To further provide for the entertainment and comfort of visitors, they will find in the Jephson Gardens by the river Leam excellent concerts, while fêtes are held in the summer, and occasionally open-air Shakespearean performances. Leamington has a theatre, golf links, tennis court, and, a short

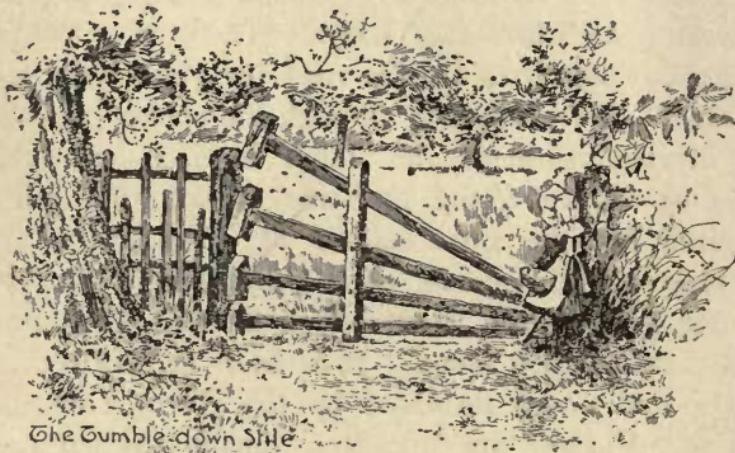
distance from town, excellent racing and hunting can be found, besides the river being available for boating. The climate is very mild and even, the town exceedingly healthy, and travellers from London can change here for Stratford-on-Avon, or stop over *en route*. In the Pump Room buildings are all devices for bathing, and the conveniences are only surpassed by those of Bath itself.

Another enjoyable excursion in this neighbourhood is to Stoneleigh Abbey, the residence of Lord Leigh. It is very often visited from Kenilworth, about five miles, but can be reached from Stratford by other routes. By one way it is two miles to Kenilworth. The mansion is only seen when the family are absent. Part of the old abbey is included in it, but most of the ruins are near the driveway, and can easily be seen from the footpath. In the village is a row of 16th century almshouses. The abbey was founded by Henry II. in 1154, and given great privileges, some very difficult for us in this day to understand. We find it hard to comprehend the meaning of such words as "infangthef, outfangthef, sok, sak, tole," etc. This building was burned about a hundred years later. Henry VIII. at the Dissolution gave it to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, and, after several changes, it was purchased by Sir Thomas Leigh, in Elizabeth's time Lord Mayor of London. The present mansion, owned by his descendant, was built about the close of the 18th century, and contains some valuable portraits and

works of art. In the grounds of Stoneleigh Park, open to the public by the kindness of Lord Leigh, one feels as if in the very forest of Arden. The restrictions are very slight, dogs are forbidden, and the private walks are indicated by notice-boards.

Between three and four miles from Stratford lies Charlecote Park, usually reached by crossing the Clopton Bridge, and, passing by the bathing-place, following the river road through Tiddington and Alveston to Charlecote Lodge. There is a public footpath from here to the road for Hampton Lucy bridge. We can enter through the wicket-gate or, if driving, through the large carriage entrance. Passing up the grand lime-tree avenue, now sadly injured by the great storm of 1895, we catch glimpses of the house, and approaching the river obtain one of the finest views of this altogether beautiful English home. It is built in Elizabethan style, and nearly insulated by the rivers Avon and Dene. Visitors are admitted during the summer season from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., but the privilege may at any time be withdrawn by notice in the local papers, so tourists wishing to see the house should ascertain before they start if they can be admitted. There are some very fine portraits and other art treasures, and the Great Hall has a magnificent ceiling and Tudor fireplace. The gateway, on the land side of the house, is one of the finest erections of the kind in the country. It is really a gatehouse, and some distance inside of the

iron gates opening on the road. Nearly opposite these latter gates is what is locally known as the Tumble-down Stile. Here, report sayeth that Shakespeare was caught after the deer-stealing frolic. Charlecote, though beautiful in itself, is mainly of interest because of this story and his reputed lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy. The church contains three very fine tombs of the Lucy family, the one most



The Tumble-down Stile.

interesting to Shakespearean students being that of his contemporary Sir Thomas Lucy, who, it is claimed, was the original of Justice Shallow. On this tomb, wherein his wife also is buried, is an inscription testifying to her virtues and ending with

“Set down by him that best did know
What hath been written to be true.—*Thomas Lucy.*”

One writer has said that, though less stately, imposing, and picturesque than Stoneleigh, Warwick Castle or

Guy's Cliff, it is lovelier and more human than any of them. Hampton Lucy is a pretty village; the view from the bridge is very lovely, especially at sunset, and the village church is well situated, having some good carvings and painted glass.

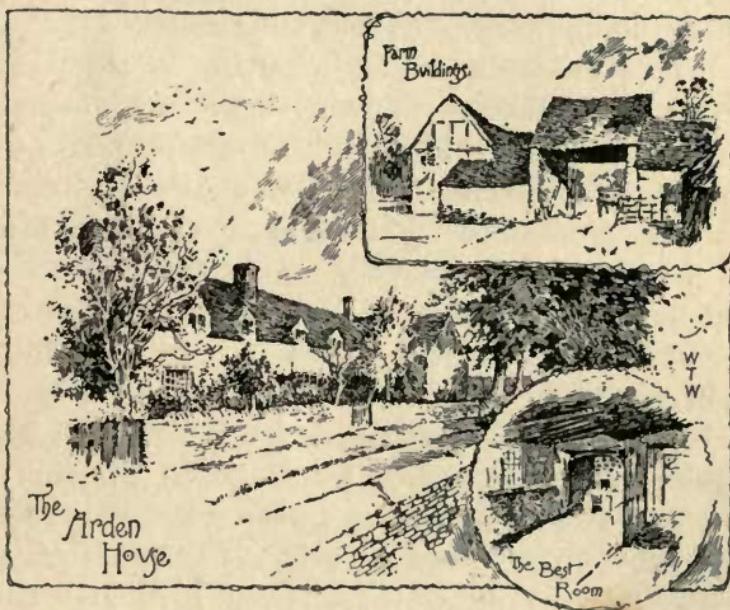
A pleasant walk or drive from Stratford brings one to Aston Cantlow, interesting from its being the place where Shakespeare's parents must have been married. The name was formerly Cantelupe, from the early lords of the manor, and it was the seat of a guild "to the honour of God and the Blessed Virgin." Under King John it had a fair and market, long ago discontinued. The church was built in the 13th century, has an embattled tower and chantry chapel, and, what is very unusual, only one side aisle. Its font is ancient, and over the north doorway is a curious bit of sculpture, almost too high to be easily seen, and also much defaced, supposed to represent the Virgin and Child in bed, attended by St Joseph. The village is very attractive, and in the King's Head Inn, where John Shakespeare and his wife are said to have held their wedding-feast, the traveller is most comfortably cared for.

Only about a mile from Stratford is Clopton House, not open to tourists, generally, and owned by Sir Arthur Hodgson, several times mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. The manor belonged in Henry VII.'s time to Sir Hugh Clopton, builder of Clopton Bridge, and Lord Mayor of London. It has several ghostly legends and much historical interest. In Gunpowder

Plot days it was the home of Ambrose Rookwood, Catesby's friend, and, therefore, one of the conspirators who were accustomed to meet in an upper room called the Priest's Room. In the Dining-room, once the Great Hall, it is supposed was laid the scene of the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew." Clopton House was the home of the lord of the manor of Wilmcote in Shakespeare's time, and Kit Sly, the drunken tinker, was carried from Wilmcote green to the lord's house and any dramatic performances were usually held in the Great Hall of the castle or manor-house. The carvings in this room are very fine, as is the ceiling and the old window-glass.

Wilmcote is three miles by road from Stratford, and can also be reached by rail from there or Leamington. Its special interest is Shakespearean, from the circumstance just related, and because it was the home of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden. She was left by her father's will certain property in Wilmcote, and what is known as the Arden house belonged to her family. The cottage is a short walk from the station, and is in sight from the village green. The present owner does not allow admittance to the house, but it is a very picturesque place, worth seeing. Knight claims that Robert Arden, a brother of Sir John Arden, squire of the body to Henry VII., was the great-grandfather of the poet's mother, but others believe he was her great-uncle. In either case, it shows the position of the Arden family.

Clifford Chambers, a short distance from Stratford, had, as a resident during the poet's lifetime, a John Shakespeare, supposed by some authorities to have been his father, and living in what is known as the Rectory. If he did live there, he selected a very pleasant and picturesque residence. Among the



claimants for the honour of being the place of Shakespeare's marriage is Billesley, near Stratford. In the quaint little church it is certain that his grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, was married. Billesley Hall, a few yards from the church, had in Shakespeare's time a fine library, and he was known to have visited the house. There is one room

called "Shakespeare's Room," and it has old wooden panelling, evidently brought from some other building, as it does not fit the space. Possibly it may have come from New Place when the latter was pulled down or when it was repaired long before then. At the rear of the house is the beginning of an underground passage, bricked up after a few yards, running once, it is said, to Causton.

A spot much frequented by artists is the pretty village of Welford, with its lych-gate and church-yard wall, the graves level with the coping, and the village street several feet lower. Any number of pictures can also be obtained along the river bank by painter or photographer. One writer has said that he felt like settling down and spending the rest of his life here, it seemed as if there would be endless peace.

Four miles from Stratford is Snitterfield, where so many of the Shakespeares lived, and in the church of which village the poet's father must have been baptised. There is strong evidence that his grandfather, Richard Shakespeare, lived here and held land under Robert Arden, whose daughter Mary married his son John. No traces remain of their home, but the village is interesting, and in this parish is King's Lane, through which Charles II. rode in disguise after the battle of Worcester.

Luddington, some three miles from Stratford by road or river-path, is a small hamlet, mostly of thatched cottages, and a pretty church high on the

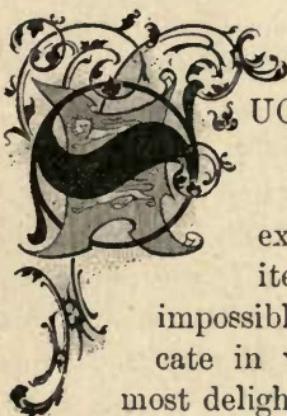
river-bank. The old church was burned long ago, and most of the church records, but the ancient, broken font is in the churchyard. There is strong reason for believing that among the lost records was the one of Shakespeare's marriage. The curate at that time was his former schoolmaster at the Stratford Grammar School, and Luddington seems to have the best claim to the honour.

Bidford, called in the famous rhyme about the well-known eight villages, "drunken Bidford," is most quickly reached by train, but the drive is a delightful one, and good walkers would enjoy the paths. The road passes by the tree, pointed out by the drivers as being one that takes the place of the celebrated crab-tree, under which Shakespeare is said to have spent a night after carousing at Bidford. He visited the Falcon Inn at this place, report says, fairly often. It is still standing, now used as a residence, and looks strong enough to last for many years to come. The village has several inns, but the best is the White Lion, near the bridge, where one can spend days. The river affords good boating, the walks are most attractive, and two or three times a year the Morris dancers parade the streets, a quaint and exceedingly interesting survival of that old English custom. Bidford Bridge was built by the monks of Aleester in 1482 to take the place of a Roman ford, and has an oddly-shaped variety of arches. One stone of the parapet has been used for generations, it is related, by Bidford men to

sharpen their pocket-knives on. Standing on this bridge and looking towards the town, the really fine and effective church forms a prominent object among the cottages and foliages, while in the immediate foreground is the river with verdant banks and beds of rushes, a picture, if well illuminated, never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

TOURS INCLUDING STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
BY ROAD, RAIL, AND RIVER.



UCH enormous variety is offered to the tourist who either wishes to make Stratford a centre for excursions, or to include it as one item of a circular tour, that it is impossible for us to do more than indicate in very brief outline a few of the most delightful possibilities.

Route I.—London to the North of England.—The tourist from Lancashire or Yorkshire, or any part of Britain north thereof, may well follow the general lines of one of the Great Western excursion routes; returning from London by direct train or by a route arranged along the Midland; North Western, or Great Northern lines (say by Midland,

through the beautiful Peak district of Derbyshire); with break of journey at various points. The "Shakespeare" route of the Great Western Railway may be followed either by road or rail, and may be joined from Liverpool or Manchester or any convenient station *en route*. Time will be spent at Chester, Shrewsbury, Warwick, Leamington, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Banbury, Oxford, Windsor, and Eton. To describe in outline the attractions of these places seems quite superfluous, since they include some of the most notable scenes of natural beauty and historic interest to be found in our Islands.

Route II.—London to Stratford viâ Oxford.—From London to Oxford there is choice of two roads, one through Maidenhead, the other by High Wycombe. The first leads through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Hounslow, Cranford Bridge, Longford, Colnbrook, Slough and Salt Hill to Maidenhead, thence by Henley-on-Thames, Nettlebed, Bensington, Shillingford, Dorchester, and Cowley to Oxford. Slough is only 3 miles from Windsor and Eton; and this route gives much delightful Thames valley scenery.

The other route to Oxford is by Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, High Wycombe, Stokenchurch, Tetsworth, and Wheatley. By this road Oxford is 54 miles; and by the Maidenhead road 58.

From Oxford to Stratford-on-Avon is 40 miles,

over excellent roads and through charming Midland scenery. The road passes Woodstock, celebrated as the sometime residence of Fair Rosamond, Enstone, Long Compton, Shipston-on-Stour, and Alderminster.

Route III.—London to Stratford viâ Banbury.—The road *viâ* Buckingham and Banbury, though rather longer than the others (about 102 miles), is so full of interest, and passes through such beautiful and varied scenery, that the cyclist should certainly adopt it as an alternative route in making a round trip from London to Stratford and back. The road generally recommended as far as Aylesbury is by Edgeware, Bushey, Watford, Berkhamstead, and Tring; but we think we prefer the way through Uxbridge, Amersham, and Wendover. There is not very much choice between the two, and the distance is the same in each case. Aylesbury itself is a fine old town, with a good market-place, and Winslow, 49 miles from London, is a charming old-world market town. Buckingham, 6 miles further, is the county town, full of old memories. Brackley is one of the oldest boroughs in England, and Banbury (71 miles) is celebrated for its cakes and ale. From here there is a rise to the top of Edge Hill (79 miles), but the scenery, as the higher ground is reached, and the rich fertile valley of the Cherwell lies below, is strikingly beautiful. There is a pleasant stretch of fairly level ground at the top of the hill or plateau, and as the edge of the

steep descent to the Vale of Avon is reached the traveller suddenly emerges from a hanging wood, and the great beautiful plain is spread before him. Almost immediately below is the scene of the first battle between Charles I. and the Parliament ; and the road to Stratford leads through pleasant country and across the old Roman Fosse-way. The hill, though short, is about as dangerous as any in the country, so the descent to the beautiful plain should be cautiously made.

Route IV.—London to Stratford by the Watling Street.—An alternative route, somewhat longer than any of those already described, but giving a wonderful variety of scenery, and including Coventry, Kenilworth, and Warwick on the way to Stratford, may well be described in brief. It follows generally the line of the Roman Watling Street. From London we ride through Highgate, High Barnet (scene of the battle in which Warwick, the King-maker, was slain), through St Albans, Dunstable, Fenny Stratford, Stony Stratford, and Towcester, from which the Watling Street may be followed in almost a straight line to within a few miles of Lichfield. As far as Towcester we have followed the line of the desperate ride of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators ; and it is well to continue on their track, so a few miles past Towcester we will turn to the left and so through Daventry to Dunchurch, where a great party of Midland gentlemen awaited

the result of that plot of which they knew no particulars. From Dunchurch we may turn aside to see Rugby, famous for its school, and may again pick up the Watling Street, but a much better road leads to Coventry. From here the road to Warwick is said to be the finest drive in the world ; and from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon there are two excellent roads.

Route IVa.—To Lichfield.—Antiquaries and lovers of the beautiful will be very fully repaid if they can find time for a detour (from Coventry) to Lichfield. Lichfield Cathedral, “the fairest church in all England,” with its three spires, locally known as “the ladies of the valley,” is a place of absorbing interest. From Lichfield to Stratford-on-Avon is a most charming undulating road, through Coleshill, Stone Bridge, Kenilworth, and Warwick.

Route V.—Stratford to Birmingham and back.—From Stratford to Henley-in-Arden (8 miles) is a good cycling road (continuation of Henley St.), without any difficulties. Two miles beyond Henley commences the one stiff hill, about a mile in length, after which there is a good run into Birmingham (total 22 miles). The half-way house is a good place of call ; and half a mile beyond it, at Hockley, is a very well-managed temperance institute where refreshments may be obtained. Returning from Birmingham, a slightly longer but much more inter-

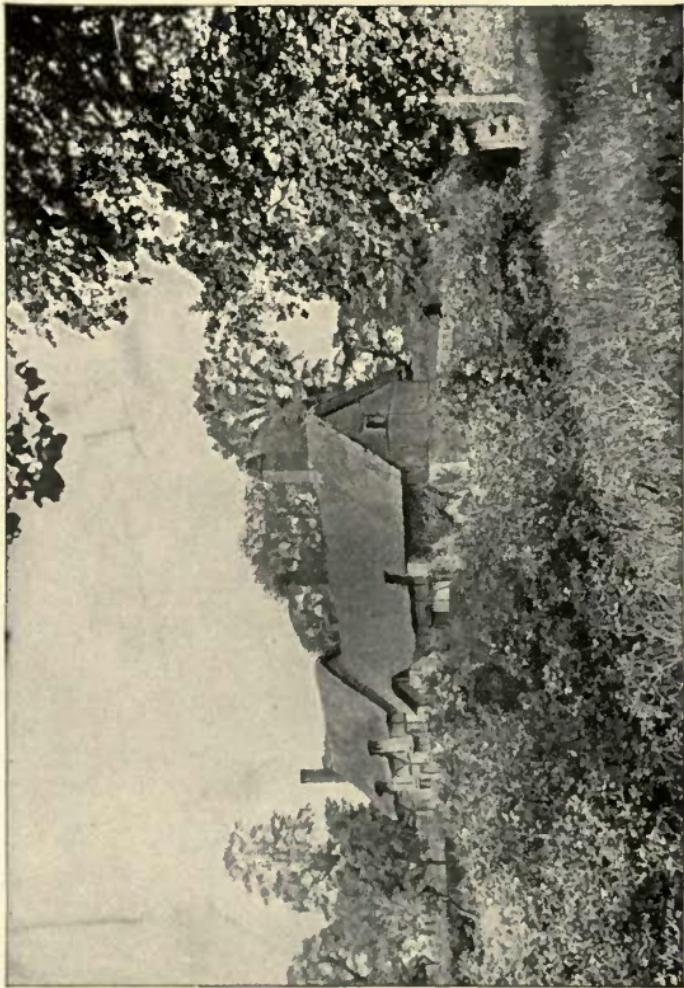
esting road may be taken, through Solihull, Knowle, Rowington, and Hatton to Warwick. This leads through country very intimately connected with the earlier Shakespeares, close to Baddesley Clinton, Wroxall Abbey, where Isabella Shakespeare was one of the last of the prioresses, and the Shakespeare

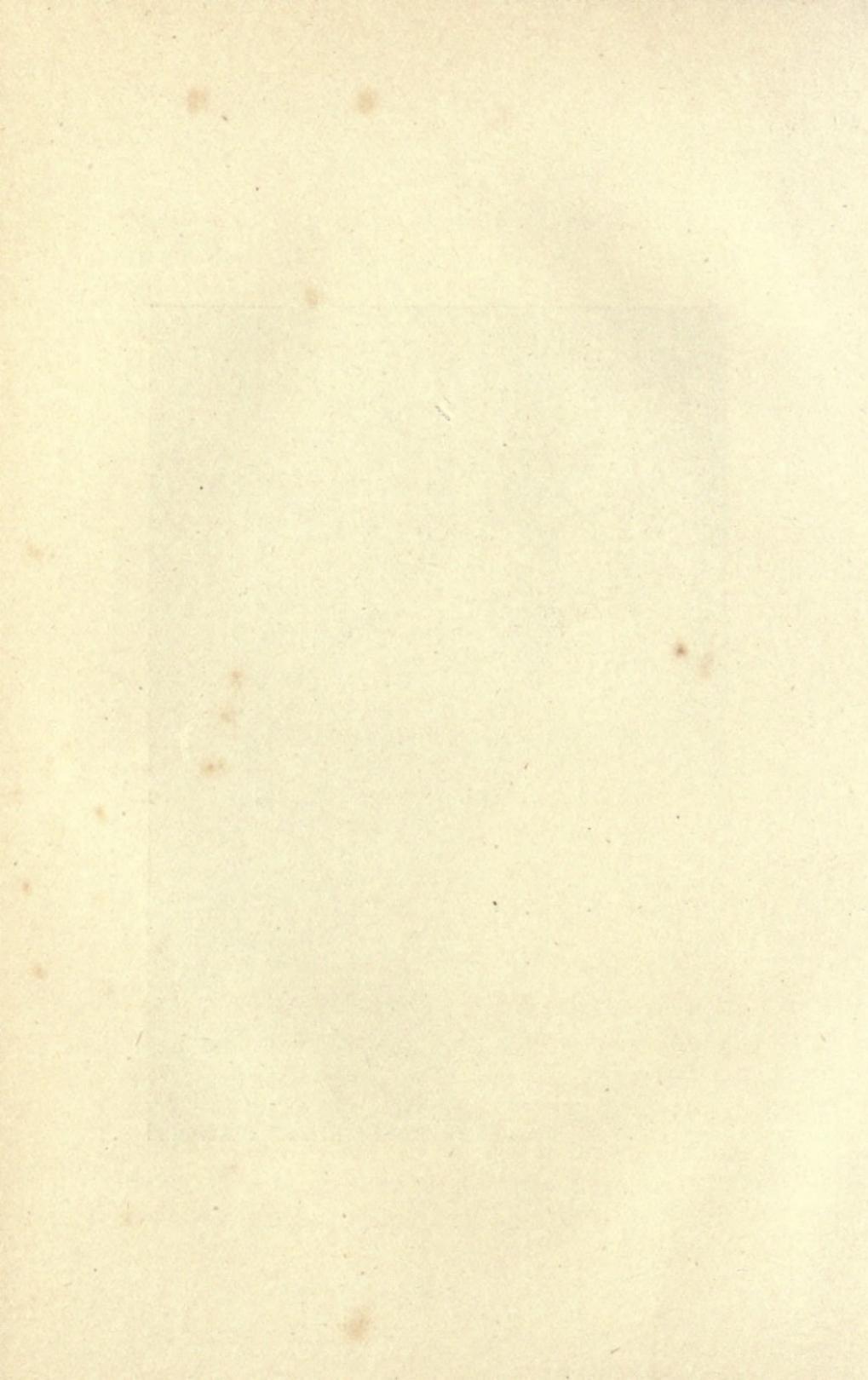


Hall, Rowington, where it is said that *As you Like It* was written.

Route VI.—Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon.—There are two roads, one on each side of the river, of which the highway is the shorter (8 miles), while the other is 11 miles. For those who are not likely to take both ways the longer is decidedly recommended; as being more picturesque, almost absolutely level, and passing round Charlecote Park. The high

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.





road is in better surface than the other, and, in spite of two fairly stiff hills, would be chosen if riding for the purpose of reaching Stratford as quickly as possible. The first hill reached is Sherborne Hill, and between this and the Windmill Hill is a clear mile of good surfaced level road, the fastest cycling mile in the district. The road passes alongside Fulbroke Park, from which it is suggested that Shakespeare stole deer (and not from Charlecote), and the road is a very beautiful one.

The alternative route runs out of Warwick by the same high road for about 2 miles, then takes a left-hand turning through Barford, and along the Wellesbourne road for 2 miles. At about 4 miles from Warwick, turn to the right, along a country lane that skirts the whole length of Charlecote Park, with its fine deer and foreign sheep. About $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Warwick, Charlecote Church is on the right, with its tombs of the three Sir Thomas Lucy's. The park gate is but a few hundred yards further on the same side ; and if the rider is prepared to pay his shilling to go through the park and see Charlecote House, he had better first notice the Tumble-down Stile (see Index) which is nearly opposite the park gate, but a few yards nearer Stratford. The road round the park gives many charming glimpses of its well-wooded glades ; the one through the park passes under the Elizabethan gateway, past the house, and on to Stratford through the elm-tree avenue,—sadly wrecked by a recent gale, but still a fine sight.

From the south-west gate of the park is a beautiful run, past several fine estates, through the prosperous looking village of Alveston, past the hamlet of Tiddington and the bathing-place, to the Clopton Bridge and Stratford.

Route VII.—Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, etc.
 —From Warwick to Coventry is 10 miles, through Kenilworth. From Leamington to Coventry is 10 miles through Stoneleigh. Probably everyone knows the story of the commercial travellers in the old "bagman" days when travellers journeyed by road, and how two of these good bagmen disputed as to their respective knowledge of the country. They made a wager, each supporting his own ability to name the finest 10 miles of driving road in England, —the company assembled to decide the wager. Each wrote his opinion on a scrap of paper, and when opened they were found to be:—

1. Warwick to Coventry.
2. Coventry to Warwick.

Many modern riders support the same idea, wherefore we hesitate to suggest a route that shall miss any part of the Warwick-Coventry road, but we outline a round giving half of that road, with the opportunity of seeing a very charming variety of country in a run of about 32 miles from Warwick to Coventry and back. Although this distance is but an easy run for the cyclist, there is so much to

be seen on the road that we suggest his making it a two days' journey. From Warwick to Kenilworth, passing, near the castle, the paltry remains of the lake which played so great a part in the festivities at the reception of Queen Elizabeth. To Kenilworth is about 4 miles. Here leave the Coventry road, pass up the slope behind the castle, and take the good road through George-in-the-Tree and Hampton-in-Arden to where it joins the Birmingham road at Stone Bridge (12 miles). Here take sharp to the right and along the Birmingham-Coventry road as far as Coventry (20 miles). From Coventry there is a good road past Stoneleigh Park (25 miles) to Leamington (30 miles), and thence a 2 mile run brings us back to Warwick.

Route VIII.—To Edge Hill and Banbury.—We have already spoken of reaching Stratford by Banbury (Route III.), but there are two other roads to Banbury, and as each has its own particular attraction, it is well for those who have time to take them all. The direct road, already mentioned, takes one directly up a precipitous slope of Edge Hill ; but a longer and prettier one leads nearer the actual battle-field. For this, turn sharply left at foot of the Clopton Bridge, and run along the riverside through the beautiful water-meadows past Tiddington, through Alveston, along one side of Charlecote Park, and so to Wellesbourne Hastings (6 miles). Two miles further and the Roman Fosse-way running

north-east in a direct line is crossed, and 3 miles further is Kineton or Kington (11 miles), close to the scene of the great battle of Edge Hill. A few miles further and the road climbs the range of hills, then bending in a southerly direction joins the direct road between Stratford and Banbury, and runs along the tableland previously mentioned, with beautiful valley views, to Banbury (23 miles).

The alternative road for returning leads through some 8 miles of Oxfordshire scenery to the same range of hills which we have already crossed some 6 miles further north, then through Lower Brailes, Overbrailes, and Barcheston to Shipston-on-Stour (37 miles). Here the road from Oxford is joined, and gives us a good run of 10 miles further through Halford, Lower Eatington, and Alderminster to Stratford. It should be mentioned that at Shipston-on-Stour is a good temperance hotel.

Route IX.—To Alcester and Worcester.—Here, again, there is choice of two roads, both of about the same length ($25\frac{1}{2}$ miles). The first, and most usual, as well as slightly easier road, is by the Alcester Highway, passing Shottery a little to the left, and Billesley a little to the right, until Alcester (about 8 miles) is reached. Thence the high road is still followed, through Inkberrow and Arrow, and so to Worcester.

The alternative is called the “low road,” and runs out of Stratford by the Evesham road, over

the Bordon Hill, a fairly stiff pull for about half a mile, and thence past Binton Bridges (4 miles), and the Bidford road until a turning to Wixford is seen on the right. Through Wixford (8 miles), and to the south side of Ragley Park as far as the little hamlet of Dunnington, where a good road for Worcester branches to the right.

Route IXa.—To include Evesham.—From either of the above routes a very considerable detour can be made by Evesham, and the road from Alcester to Evesham is a splendid 10 miles. A better course, however, if simply a varied round trip to Worcester is required, is to take the second of the above-mentioned roads, and instead of turning right to Wixford go straight on through Bidford and Salford Priors to Evesham (15 miles). There the road, like the river, makes a very sharp backward bend to Pershore (21 miles), and thence a high road to Worcester (30 miles). This is the best road for giving a good idea of the river scenery.

Route X.—To Cheltenham and Gloucester.—Cheltenham (like Worcester) may almost be regarded as outside the general range of trips from Stratford, but some may like to make the trip, through Evesham. A finer but hilly and somewhat longer run is through Ilmington, Broadway (the artists' colony), and Winchcombe.

Walks and Field-Path Ways.

There can be no question that walking is the only proper way to see the real beauties of Warwickshire. Much can be done with the cycle or by driving, but the great charm of the country is only found by those who can mount the stiles, take the foot-path ways, and saunter by the river side or climb the hill that overlooks the broad expanse. Walking includes the real advantages of all the other means of travel; and its slowness, as compared with cycling, is a great recommendation in a county where the details are so full of beauty.

When one comes to deal with the outfit for walking, a map is the first consideration, and the one-inch ordnance map is decidedly the most convenient for all-round work, especially if the walker means to find his own way from point to point. This map takes twelve sheets to cover the whole county of Warwick, but the three or four surrounding Stratford will suffice for most purposes. Another very convenient map is one on a half-inch scale, published by Mr E. Fox of Stratford-on-Avon.

To cyclists the maps are not so necessary as to walkers, for the roads in Warwickshire are splendidly marked with finger-posts.

In almost every hamlet refreshment of every simple kind can be obtained. The country inns are all "victuallers" in the true sense, and many of the cottagers are glad to provide a simple meal of tea

or milk, with country bread and butter, eggs, and ham. Hence it is never necessary to hurry over one's walk, or to plan for meals at any particular village.

The shorter cycling routes already outlined can, of course, be followed by any good pedestrian, and the shorter walks are so varied, so innumerable, that we can do no more than make one or two typical selections. The distances, too, are so difficult to either judge or measure that those we give must be taken as but vaguely approximate. If other walks are needed, the host of the hotel or lodging where you stay in Stratford can doubtless suggest a considerable number.

Route XI.—Clopton and Snitterfield, back by Ingon Grange and Welcombe (about 9 miles).—We start from the Birmingham road, turning into Clopton Lane, just before reaching the Boundary Elm. A little way up the lane is the lodge gate, but as the way is public we simply pass through, and in about a quarter of a mile reach the old park gates, at the foot of the meadow in front of Clopton House. From here we may continue up the drive and turn sharp to the left, passing close in front of Clopton House, or we may pass through the little swing gate on the left, close to the old park gates, and cross the meadow by an indistinct path. There are two of these, we take the one most to the left. At the far corner of the meadow we strike a lane run-

ning westerly through several white gates, and past a substantial farm-house, eventually emerging into King's Lane (nearly 2 miles). Here we turn to the right, along the path ridden by Charles II. in the September days when he was fleeing after his defeat at Worcester. The lane winds beside a little wood, and soon begins to rise. At the summit of the rise is the old toll-house, an octagonal brick tower; and from here we may take a field path to the right, which will take us to the Welcombe Hills, behind Clopton House. By this path, the round walk from Stratford and back would be about 5 miles. The lane we are following leads through some well-wooded land, where the nightingale sings in the early summer, and keeps to the ridge of a hill from which we soon begin to have pleasant glimpses of the Avon valley. About a mile after entering the King's Lane we see the Stratford reservoir below us on the right, and at about 4 miles from Stratford come to a branching of the road along which we might turn—almost backward—to Wilmcote. Opposite this point is a field path leading direct to Snitterfield; but we keep to our road, passing a path on the right which would lead back by the Welcombe Hills to Stratford.

The road goes straight ahead, through well-timbered country, and past oaks that remind us of the Forest of Arden (of which they are remnants), and of the reason why John Shakespeare, the glover, found Stratford a convenient place of business, close

to a supply of bark for his tanning. It is the straight road along which John Shakespeare would walk from Snitterfield to Wilmcote to call upon his uncle Arden, and those cousins from amongst whom he chose his wife.

Soon we pass, on the right, the road we shall take back to Stratford, but continuing we soon have a sharp turn to the left into Snitterfield, a charming village in which many of even the modern cottages are picturesque. Once in the village, the road to the church is on our right, but we had better keep straight forward, past the fine old manor-house (left of the road), until we come to the cross-roads at the centre of the village. Here we take the turn to the right, and follow the road as far as the old Bell tavern. Just beyond this there is a foot-bridge to the right across the tiny streamlet, and a lane leading past some of the land occupied by the poet's grandfather and uncles. At the top of this lane is the road by which we shall return to Stratford, but we first turn a little way along it to the left to see Snitterfield Church and the vicarage. Returning, we take the same road by which we entered the village, and turn for a little distance along the Wilmcote road, by which we came. At the first branching, however, we take to the left, down a hill, alongside a park and past Ingon Grange, on the left. A little beyond this the road dips, and in the valley to the left is seen a partly artificial pond. We do not quite reach this, but take a field path to

the right, on the near side of a tiny plantation. This is a good, well-marked path which takes us over a shoulder of the Welcombe Hills. At the highest point of the path, Stratford lies straight in front; and to the left, close at hand, is the obelisk erected by Mark Phillips, Esq., to the memory of a brother killed in the Crimea. Here a road leads left to the Warwick road, but we cross it, keeping straightforward, alongside a high wall bounding a garden. There are one or two slight rises and dips in the path, and in the second dip past the garden we have the Dingles on our left, where we may wander and picnic if so inclined. Four fields more are crossed, and we reach a new-made road which brings us into the Warwick road just as it reaches Stratford.

Route XII.—Luddington, Welford, and Clifford Chambers (about 10 miles).—The path to Luddington is a charming river-side walk of 3 miles, giving a chance of seeing the shy otter or the stately heron; and a certainty, if the season be right, of hearing the song of lark or nightingale. The path begins close to the foot-bridge below the mill-weir, going under the arch of the railway bridge, and, except at one place where it cuts across a field to avoid a sharp bend of the river, following the river's course. As we near Luddington the path becomes fainter and fainter, for it is but little used, and as the farmers do not always make the most plain and practicable stiles there may be a fear that the path has been lost, but

"when in doubt" keep to the river. When close to Luddington the fine old moated manor-house of Milcote will be seen across the river, and on the side we are following will be found a thicket of pollard willows, a pleasant place for picnics. At the lower end of this patch is the remainder of the old weir, with a most picturesque stretch of long sedge and willow.

To see Luddington, however, we should turn to the right, away from the river's brim, to see the new church (with the old font in the churchyard) and the picturesque old cottages of its one main street. We may well return again to the river by the path at the side of the churchyard, and follow it down to the bridge (Binton Bridges), which we cross. On the left, almost immediately after crossing the bridge, is the "Four Alls" public-house; and soon, along the road to Welford, we see Welford Church over the hedge to the right, and may take the short field-cut if we wish; though the road is, perhaps, better worth following. Arriving in the village, turn to the right, past the church with its picturesque old lych-gate, and the same road may be pursued, past several most picturesque old cottages, to the river's brink. Or a turn to the left, opposite the lych-gate, and a bearing round to the right will lead to the mill. The wheel was once a favourite object with artists; now, alas! it is cased in corrugated iron, and part of the mill is used for grinding steel balls for bicycle bearings. The weir

is still very beautiful. From here, the road to Clifford Chambers is easy to find, past Milcote station. At Clifford Chambers the church, the fine old rectory, and the manor-house, still partly surrounded by its moat, are well worth attention; and from here the high-way back to Stratford is a pleasant couple of miles.

Route XIII.—The Eight Villages (about 7 miles).—It is related of Shakespeare that he once, in his “wild oats” days, joined a party of Stratfordians visiting Bidford to drink for a wager against the Bidford Topers. Inquiring for this particular drinking club, the Stratfordians were told that the Topers were gone to Evesham Fair, but that the Sippers would meet them if they wished. The Stratford men were vanquished in the drinking bout, whereupon they started for home, but under a crab tree not far from Bidford they all laid down and slept all night (another version says through two nights and a day). Waking in the morning some of the party wished to return and renew the contest, but Shakespeare said he had drunk with

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dadging Exhall, papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford,

and would have no more of it.

We vouch not for the accuracy of the story, but

it forms an excuse for a very delightful walk, which we shall describe in so far as it relates to the six last-named of the villages. We miss the other two because the six make a convenient round for all save really good walkers. Those who wish to see the whole eight may easily reach Pebworth and Marston from Bidford, returning to Bidford to join the circle we describe. The walk can best be made from Bidford, which is approached by train from the East and West Junction Station at Stratford. The road from Bidford station to the town is part of the old Roman Icknield Street, which makes a turn to the right through the main street of the town itself, past the fine old Falcon (no longer a public-house), and to the Bridge from which there is a fine view of the river and church. Returning up the little town to the Falcon and the church, we turn along the road between them to the right. It soon becomes a hedge-bordered lane, at the end of which we enter a field path leading through four or five meadows stretching away to the river. A little more than a mile brings us to Grange, one or two farm-houses, and an old mill, and from the upper corner of the sort of farm-yard-common is a gate and path, leading across a few more fields to the old stone-built farm-house, with duck-pond and new brick buildings in the foreground, which is generally depicted as "haunted Hillborough." The farm road, to the left, through a couple of fields, leads to a country lane, down which it is worth while to turn to the

right, to see the much more picturesque farm of Little Hillborough. Back along this lane, about half a mile, brings us to the Bidford-Stratford road, along which we turn to the right for half a mile or



so; then left, at the sign-post, to Temple Grafton. This is about a mile, along a road full of charming glimpses. At Temple Grafton the church faces us, and we may remember that in the Shakespeare marriage bond Anne Hathaway was spoken of as

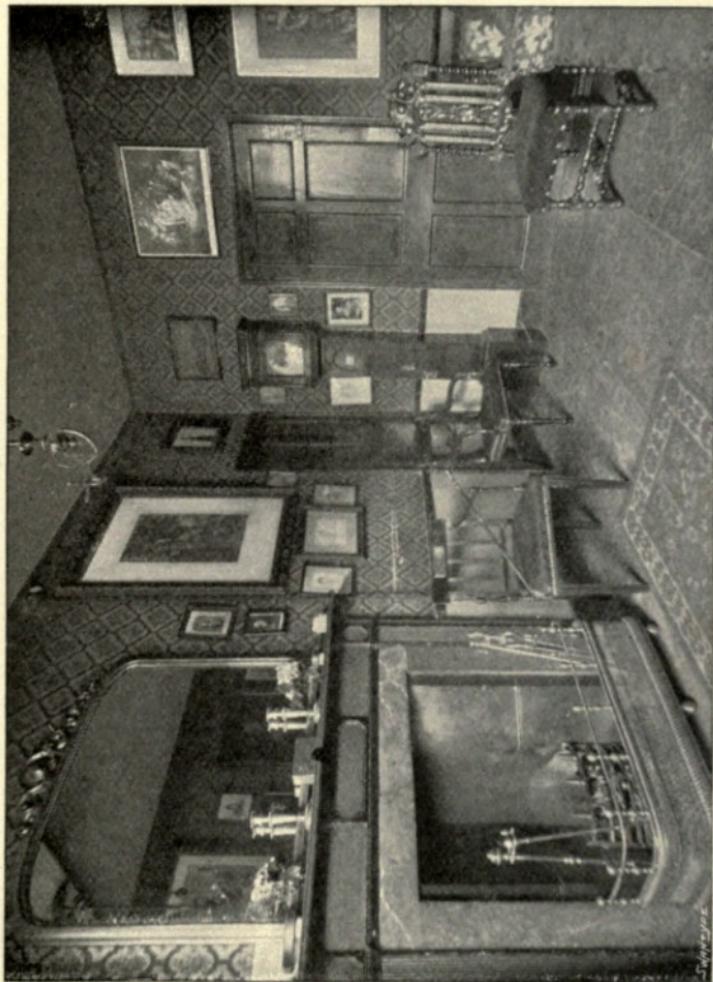
"de Temple Grafton." The village is sufficiently quaint and pretty to make it well worth while to walk through it, taking the road to the right into the little valley and up the opposite slope.

To follow our eight villages, however, we must turn a few yards to the left along the Wixford road, and cross the first stile on the right, at the corner of the Vicarage garden wall. We follow the most direct field path through two or three fields until we come suddenly and unexpectedly upon a wide spreading landscape in a plain below us. We have reached the edge of a steep slope. From here the path to dadging Exhall is not very plain, but on a hill almost directly ahead (slightly to left) will be seen a clump of houses, mid the trees, against the sky-line. For this we aim, as Exhall nestles immediately below it. Our path bends sharply to the left along the ridge of the slope ; then slantwise down its face, through a scattered orchard. At the foot we run the length of one field in the right direction, then at right angles, to the left, until we reach a country lane. Turn to the right along this, and in a few hundred yards the church of Exhall will be seen across the fields to the left and a field path leading straight to it. Exhall has some fine old cottages, and wears a look of solid comfort and content. Along the road running through the village, we turn left toward Wixford. At the cross-roads is the Three Horse Shoes, where we may turn right, into papist Wixford itself, or left, along the Icknield

street again, toward Bidford. Half a mile along this road is a turning to the right which leads us into "beggarly" Broom, whence we may take train back to Stratford.

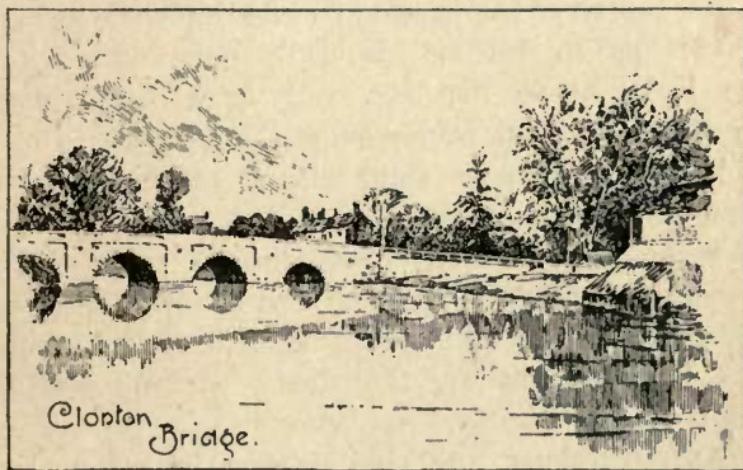
Route XIV.—By Hatton Rock to Hampton Lucy.—Hatton Rock is one of the last remaining scraps of the real Forest of Arden. We pass out of Bridge Street, along the Warwick road, which, in Shakespeare's time, led through what had been Fulbroke Park, and was then in its neglected open condition more like a wild forest. Passing, on our left, the Roman Catholic Church, and further on what Shakespeare knew as Daisy Hill, now called simply the Hill where Mr Edgar Flower resides, we come presently to some farm buildings on the right, generally called the Ox Stalls, on the road beside which there is a gate for foot passengers. Entering the field, and crossing it to the farthest right hand corner, we find a stile, passing over which, and following the path beside the hedge, we come to a little pond with a stile beside it. Crossing the field beyond takes us to yet another stile, beyond which green slopes ascend beside the Avon, flowing peacefully beneath its willows and whispering rushes. Here is a tree to which a ladder has been nailed, and on the top of the ladder a wooden seat from which you can command a truly delightful view of the winding river and the fields and meadows. By the green slope we come to Hatton Rock, the last tiny relic of the

THE WASHINGTON IRVING ROOM.



mighty forest which once swallowed up the entire Midlands, which gave its name to Shakespeare's mother, and figures in one of his most delightful comedies, the Forest of Arden.

Up we still go, crossing a couple of rustic bridges, until we presently find ourselves in the narrow grass-grown and little used shady lane leading to the Village of Hampton Lucy. Its name signifies the



home town of a tribe (Hampton), and Lucy was added to it when it passed into the possession of the Lucy family from that of Dudley, Earl of Warwick. The beautiful church was rebuilt in 1826, and restored in 1858 by Sir Gilbert Scott. It has also a little Grammar School which was built and endowed in the reign of Charles I. by Richard Hill. From here we may cross the river to Charlecote and return to Stratford by Alveston and Tiddington (see *route VI.*).

Route XV.—By river to Stratford (Notes by Mr Harold Baker).—Shakespeare's Avon is an ideal river for the boating man, for it pursues the even tenor of its way with so little current, so calmly and peacefully, as to deserve its title of "Soft-flowing Avon." Unfortunately, the authorities who are responsible for the good condition of the river have so neglected their duties as to allow the locks and weirs to become unusable, and in places the river has become so filled up with sewage deposit as to become decidedly unsavoury. If the locks above Evesham were in working order, no more delightful excursion could be made in this wide world, than to start with a congenial party from glorious old Tewkesbury, and travel by boat over the quiet, peaceful river, through some of the loveliest scenery in England, past towns rich in historical interest and architectural beauty, through the Evesham valley, the fruit garden of the Midlands, to Stratford-on-Avon.

At Tewkesbury, any kind of river boat, from the modest canoe to a steam-launch, can be hired from Mr Bathurst, whose landing-stage is close to King John's Bridge, close to the hostelry of the Black Bear of Warwick, at the top of the High Street.

As we row up the river within a mile and half we reach the pretty Inn of Twining Fleet, forming a picture with a fine group of elms behind it. A footpath leads across the fields from Tewkesbury to the Inn, where there is a ferry. As we leave

Twining behind us, we see the slender spire of Bredon church, relieved against the dark background of Bredon Hill. As we near the church, we notice on our right, at the top of a steep meadow, a large stone building with a roof of stone tiles; one of the old tithe-barns of Tewkesbury Abbey, and if time permits, it should be visited, as it is one of the finest in the country. The church too should be examined, as it contains some interesting Norman work, in addition to its graceful 14th century spire, and a remarkably fine monument of the 16th century.

Resuming our journey we come to the first lock at Strensham, about six miles by water from Tewkesbury, and above it from thence to Eckington Bridge we pass along one of the most beautiful reaches of the river, with the gray square tower of Strensham church on our left, and Eckington, a pretty village of half-timber cottages, on our right.

Above Eckington, Bredon Hill slopes up steeply to its highest point, on which stands a ruined tower, formerly an observatory. That same tower will seem quite an old friend before we have done with it. Mr. Stanley Weyman makes Francis Cludde say, "You have in front of you Bredon Hill, which is a wonderful hill, for if a man goes down the Avon by boat it goes with him—now before, and now behind—a whole day's journey, and then stands in the same place."

Eckington Bridge is one of the most picturesque on the river, and well deserves examination. Its five arches are of different height and widths. Soon after we have passed the bridge we see the village of Birlingham, almost hidden in elm trees, on the low-lying land on our left; and we presently come to an extraordinary bend in the river, necessitating careful steering, known as the Swan's Neck. The river twists and winds among the meadows fringed with old pollard willows till we reach Nafford Mill and lock, about 8 miles from Tewkesbury.

The scenery above the lock is as beautiful as any part of the river, and as we pass on our way to Pershore we see a series of lovely panoramas, with the gray tower of Comberton church relieved against a dark band of elm trees, and above it Bredon Hill standing out against the sky.

About half-a-mile from Pershore we come to a water-gate, which is occasionally a hindrance. If it is open, well and good, but it is sometimes closed, and then the most expeditious plan is to land the party on the right bank, and pull the boat over the weir. If the journey is made in a steam-launch, the gate must be opened, but this work is usually undertaken by the men in charge of the launch. The object of the gate is to raise the water high enough to float the steam-launches over the sill of the lock above.

Before we reach the town of Pershore we pass

a fine old bridge, built probably in the 15th century, and another quarter of a mile brings us to the lock. As it is very deep, it is a good plan to provide a piece of tow-line so that the party can land below the lock, and the empty boat can then be towed through, taking care to keep the boat at the lower end, as the sluices of the top gates of the lock are so high that the incoming rush of water is liable to swamp the boat. Perhaps the safest plan is to land the ladies of the party at the bridge, whence it is but a short walk into the town. Above the lock the river widens considerably, and the gardens of several hotels come down to the river. This is convenient, as Pershore will be found a convenient resting-place for the night, as the journey from Tewkesbury is as much as the average boating man will care to travel in a day. The Abbey Church should be visited, as it is, perhaps, the finest specimen of 13th century architecture in the district. Boats can be hired at some of the hotels in the town.

In a little less than a mile we come to Wyre lock, whence we pass along a fine stretch of the river, leaving the pretty village of Crophorne on our right, to Fladbury, where there is a lock near the mill; but between Crophorne and Fladbury we have to pass another water-gate, formerly used to raise the water over a now disused ford. Chadbury mill and lock are reached about two miles from Fladbury, and then we see the towers and

spires of Evesham before us ; but the river winds so much that we shall have to make almost a complete circuit of the town before we reach the bridge, where the most complete landing-place can be found. It will be found advisable to stay at Evesham for the night, and before resuming our journey to look round the town, which possesses many picturesque houses in addition to the church and Abbey tower, and the Norman gateway to the churchyard.

From this point the locks are either broken down or otherwise useless, and the boat must be pulled over the weirs. The first one at Evesham will present little difficulty, as there are rollers for boats on the weir. There is one compensation, however, in the fact that steam-launches can come no farther.

About two miles from Evesham Bridge there is a pretty back-water called Deadman's Eyot (pronounced *Eight*), where the bodies of the slain are supposed to have been thrown after the famous battle of Evesham in 1265. As we proceed on our way we shall now be liable, owing to the decay of the locks, to meet with "rapids" or "scours" in the shallow parts of the river where the waters rush swiftly over the long, green weed ; and if the river is low from want of rain it is occasionally necessary to get out and push. The first place of this kind occurs just below the ford at the Fish and Anchor Inn. About half-a-mile farther on, we come to Harvington Mill and weir, where the boat must be pulled over. Cleeve Mill is about two miles

farther up, where again the boat must be dragged over the weir.

The river above the mill at Cleeve is very beautiful as it flows close under the shadow of Marl Cliff, on the top of which is the pretty village of Cleeve Prior, where there is an interesting old Manor House. Salford Priors lies on the lower ground on the left, with Abbots Salford close by, where there is a fine old house called the Nunnery. "Drunken" Bidford is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cleeve Mill. Above Bidford the river soon becomes impassable on account of the shallows, and it is, unfortunately, practically out of the question to reach Stratford by boat.

At Stratford itself boats are obtainable, and if the river is full it is possible to reach Charlecote by boat if permission is first obtained to pass the barrier at the Charlecote boundary.

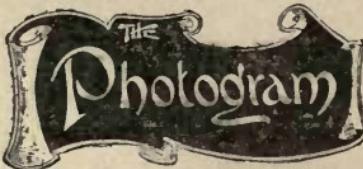
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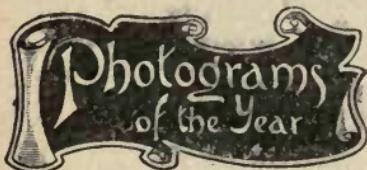
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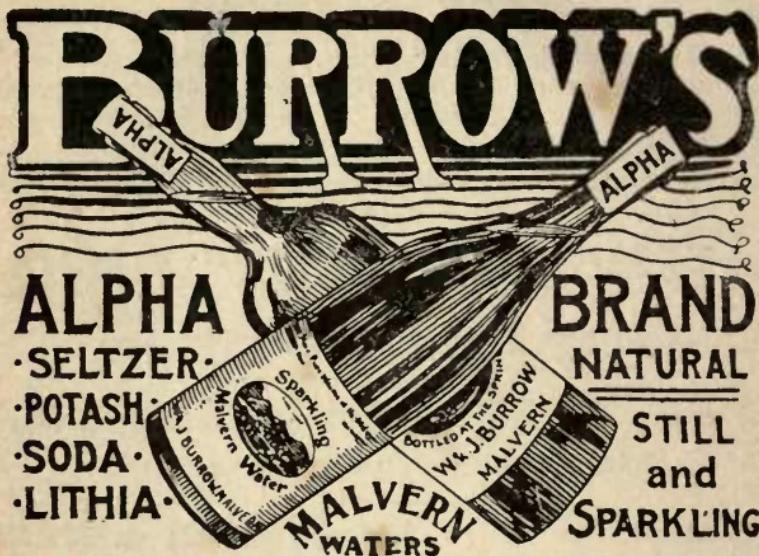
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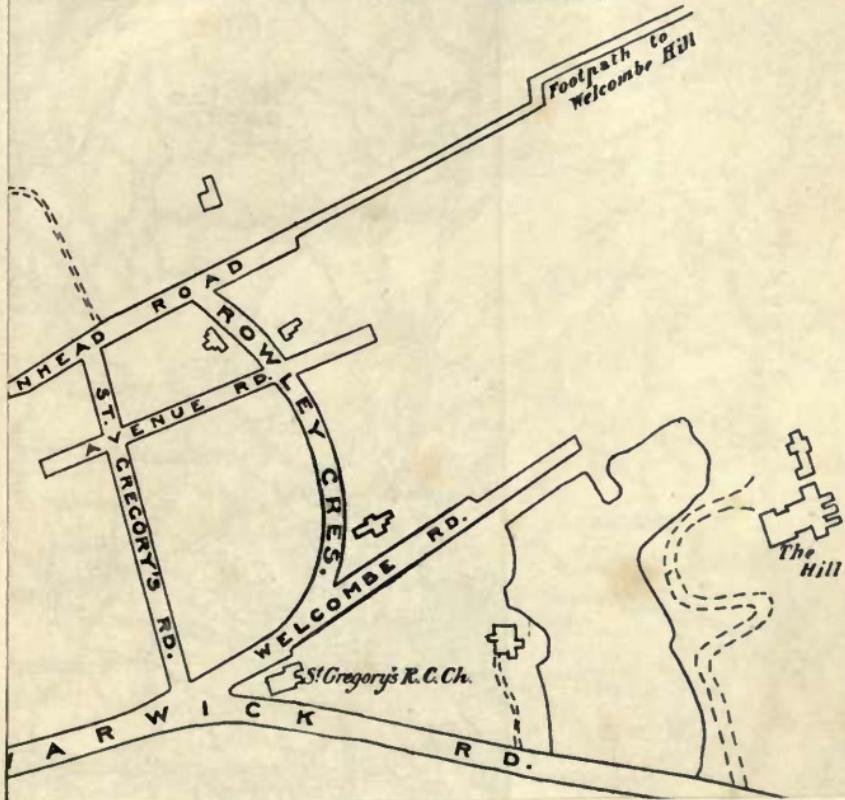
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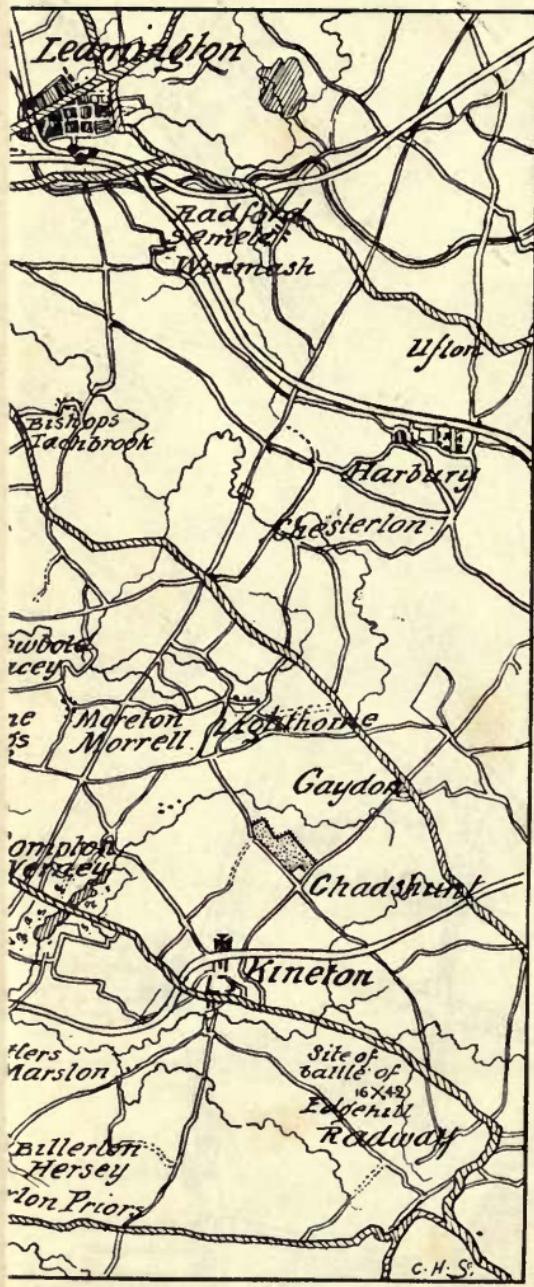
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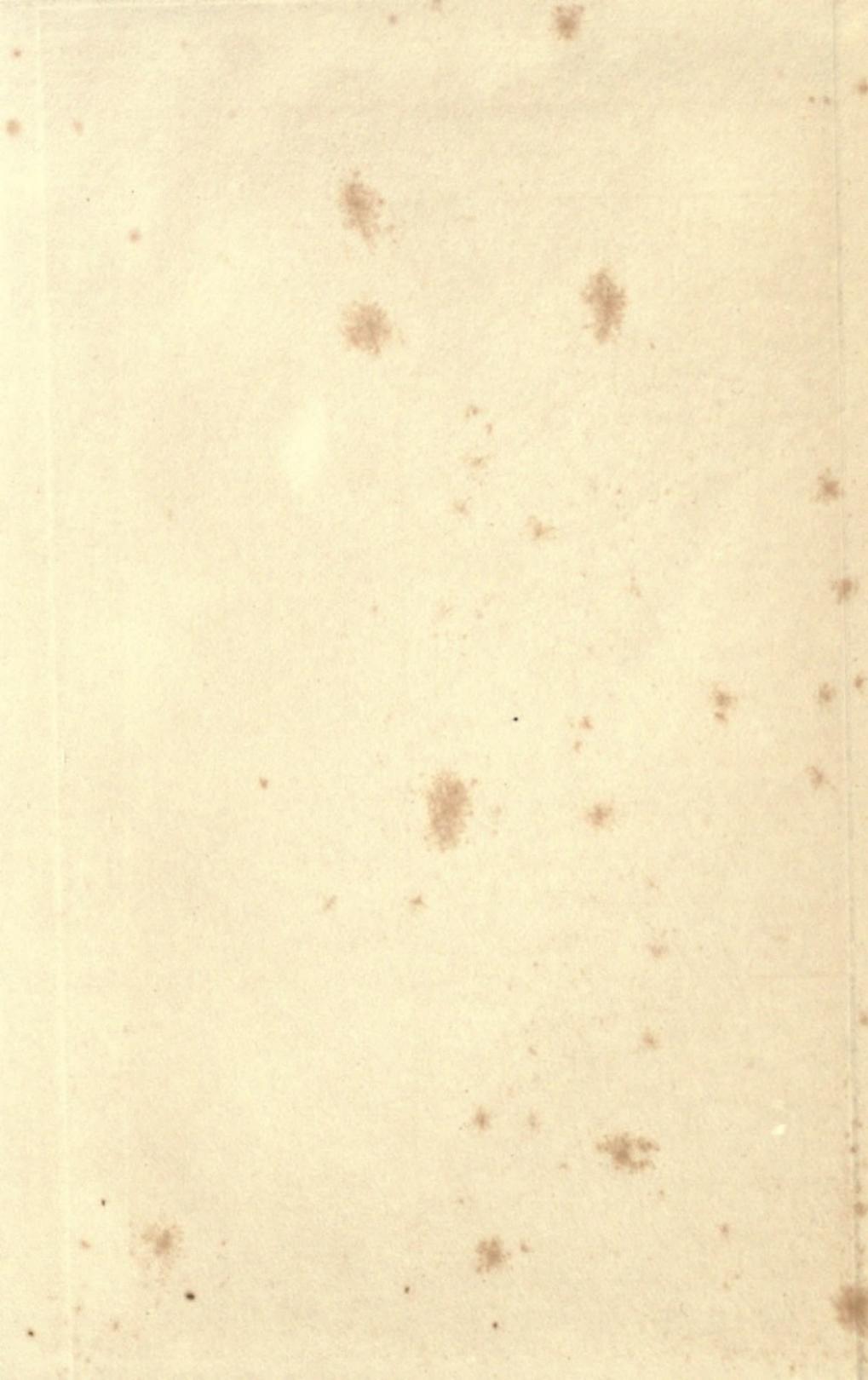
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Scale of $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile





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